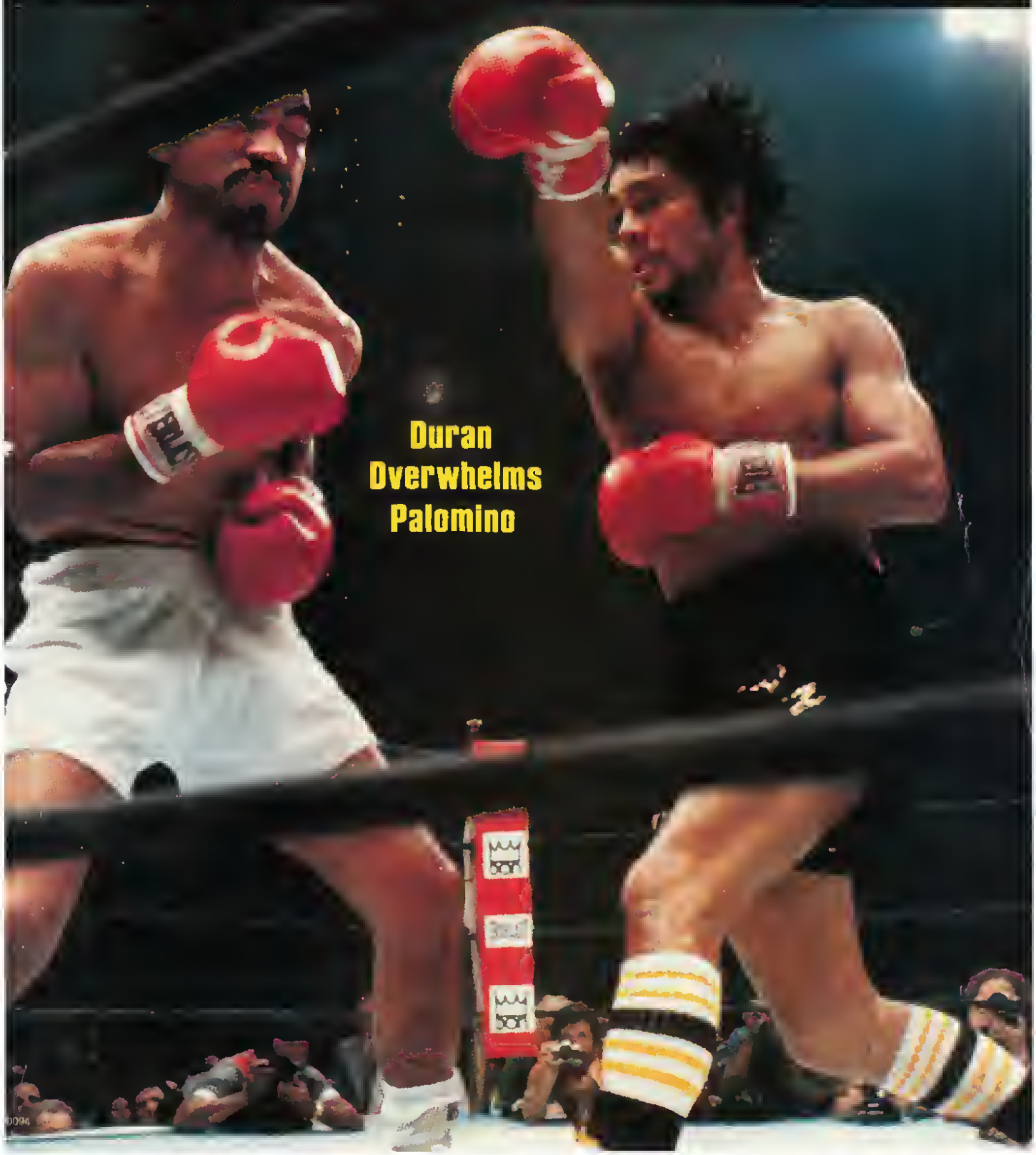
Sports Illustrated
JULY 2, 1979 $1.25

BOXING'S BIG WEEK



Duran Overwhelms Palomino

There's nothing ordinary about the Mamiya M645 System. Its owners are as ingenious as its design.

This is a medium-format camera that handles and performs like the finest systems in the 35mm category. But unlike 35mm systems, the M645 produces a 6x4.5cm image on film.

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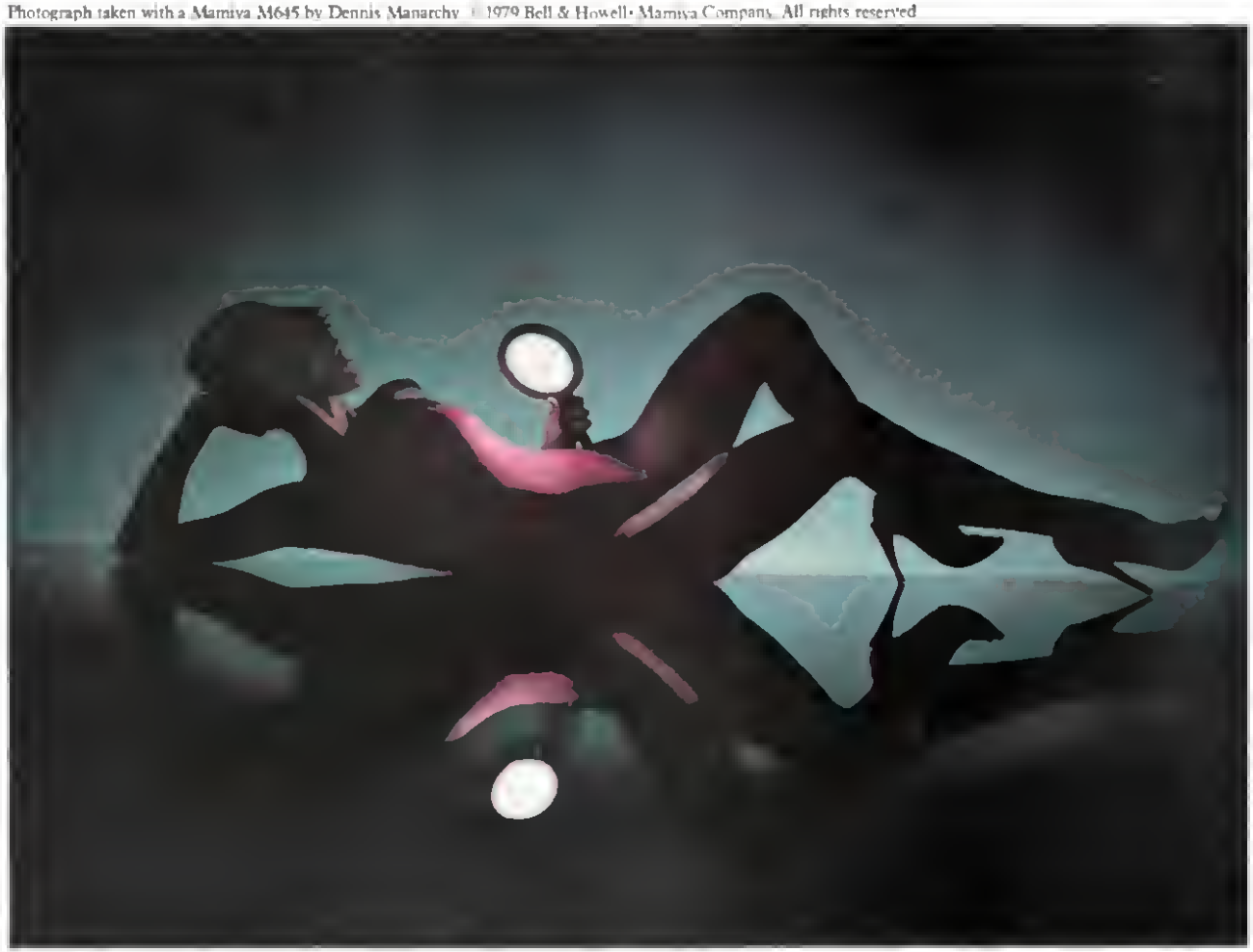
You could, of course, take an ordinary photograph with the M645. But chances are you won't. So it would be a pity if you didn't own it.

Ask a Bell & Howell • Mamiya dealer for a demonstration. **MAMIYA M645**

For complete system specifications, write Bell & Howell • Mamiya Co., Dept. SI-106, Box 925, Wilmette, IL 60091

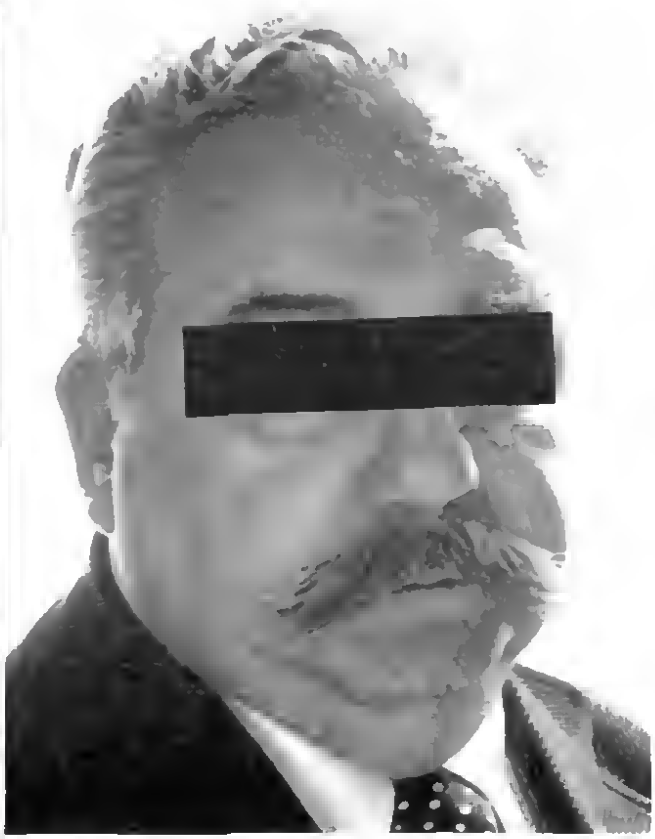


Photograph taken with a Mamiya M645 by Dennis Manarchy © 1979 Bell & Howell• Mamiya Company. All rights reserved



It would be a pity to use an M645 for ordinary photographs.





One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

He had a fire of a "suspicious" nature, but arson could not be proved. So, he was able to collect a substantial amount on his insurance. He turned his business loss into a profit for himself but into an additional expense for the insurance company and the policyholders.

Arson has become the "hottest" crime in the nation. Who are these arsonists? They range from small, one-time offenders, like the man on the left, to organized professional "torches." Many have found arson a profitable crime. Shocking! Even more shocking are the losses related to arson. 700 lives and an estimated $1.6 billion in insured fire losses in 1977. When you consider lost jobs, property taxes and higher costs in consumer goods, the total economic loss is a staggering $10 billion!

We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money... approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires.
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud.
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel.
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register, a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson.
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level.

Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or [illegible].
- Support efforts [illegible] community to fight arson.

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CONTENTS

JULY 2, 1979 *Volume 51, No. 1*

Cover photograph by Manny Millan

Winners on the Wane

Injury-riddled and mired in fourth place, the world champion Yankees have brought Billy Martin back as manager **by Larry Keith** *14*

Things are so bad in L.A. there are fears the Great Dodger in the Sky has turned on the National League champs **by Jim Kaplan** *18*

A Fistic Farrago

Larry Holmes and Roberto Duran won as expected, but in unexpected ways, in New York to start the fight-filled weekend **by Pat Putnam** *20*

But Leon Spinks fell three times in the first round on Sunday as Gerrie Coetzee upset the ex-champion in Monaco **by John Underwood** *23*

The Best and the Brightest 28

That's Minnesota's scholarly and newly sociable reliever, Mike Marshall, now recovered from injuries that made him retire **by Ron Fimrite**

Extra Tricks for Dummies 39

When you and your bridge partner play two sharks, suggest you get a spot, like the spade ace on every hand **by Edwin B. Kantar**

A Home Without Hometowners 66

The trouble with Washington, D.C. is that everybody comes from someplace else. There's no local, lunch-pail sports loyalty **by Frank Deford**

The Departments

Scorecard	9	Movies	57	For the Record	85
Baseball	46	Track & Field	58	19th Hole	86
Horse Racing	53	Harness Racing	62	*Credits on page 85*	

Next Week

YANKEE DOODLE Steve Cauthen is indeed a dandy in England these days, sipping port, playing golf and gradually regaining his confidence following his 110-race losing streak earlier this year. Clive Gammon profiles a happy and changed young man

IT'S CARNIVAL TIME among the middleweights as Vito Antuofermo challenges WBA and WBC champ Hugo Corro, and Marvin Hagler fights Norberto Cabrera to see who'll get the next crack at the crown. John Underwood reports from Monaco.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



SI Sportsmen present at the opening of the Smithsonian sports exhibit clock wise from top left—Terry Baker (1962), Jim Ryun (1966), Bobby Morrow (1956), Jerry Lucas (1961), Pete Rozelle (1963), Bill Russell (1968), Jackie Stewart (1973) Stan Musial (1957) Ken Venturi (1964) Center Kelso Sutton

If the nation's capital is on your vacation itinerary, you might stop by the National Museum of History and Technology at the Smithsonian Institution. There, through Labor Day, you'll find a small exhibit on the first floor featuring artifacts donated by 21 of our Sportsmen and Sportswomen of the Year. The centerpiece of the display is a Grecian amphora, circa 510 B.C., which has been one of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's prized possessions since 1957. A replica of the ancient jar, which is decorated with vase-paintings of discus and javelin throwers as well as a sprinter and a trainer, has been presented to each of our 26 Sportsmen. Their donations in the exhibit include uniforms given by Tom Seaver, Roger Bannister and Jerry Lucas; Muhammad Ali's robe, Bobby Orr's hockey skates and gloves; Jackie Stewart's racing helmet; and the bat Stan Musial used to stroke his 3,000th hit.

These athletes need not worry that the Smithsonian will forget them come September, because the display is the nucleus of what will become a major permanent collection devoted to the history of sports and recreation in the U.S. During its 133 years the Smithsonian has accumulated a wide assortment of sports memorabilia, including hundreds of baseball trading cards, 19th-century ice skates and a ticket booth from the original Yankee Stadium. Previously scattered throughout the museum, they are currently displayed together on the museum's second floor, though still curiously categorized. Woodrow Wilson's tennis racket and Teddy Roosevelt's skis are considered "political history" and the Louisville Sluggers "forest products."

"Now, finally," says curator Carl Scheele, the man most responsible for the Smithsonian's new interest in sports, "we're making a concerted, systematic and comprehensive attempt to collect sports memorabilia." He and his staff are seeking to assemble a "taxonomic resource" that will provide an overview of sport in America and its development on all levels—amateur, scholastic and professional. So while Scheele wants to obtain additional memorabilia from major sports, he's just as eager to augment the Institution's collection of artifacts associated with such leisure activities as jogging, hunting, fishing and billiards.

If you have a sports item that may be of historical importance and are willing to donate it to the Smithsonian, write to the Division of Community Life, Room 408 MHT, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560. Explain—but please do not send—what you have, with documentation and pictures, if possible. Who knows, your grandfather's leather football helmet may end up on display right next to one of Bobby Morrow's Olympic gold medals or the golf shoes Ken Venturi wore while winning the 1964 U.S. Open.

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4523 Johnny Bench
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4526 Jim Rice
4527 Bill Buckner
4530 Ken Brett

SAILING
4801 Blue Water

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4901 In the tube

BASKETBALL
4401 Julius Erving
4402 Bill Walton
4404 Doug Collins
4406 Pete Maravich
4407 Dave Cowens
4408 Artis Gilmore
4409 Moses Malone
4410 Alvan Adams
4411 David Thompson
4412 Bob Lanier
4413 Adrian Dantley
4415 Austin Carr
4416 Bob McAdoo
4417 Elvin Hayes
4418 Jamaal Wilkes
4419 Calvin Murphy
4420 George Gervin
4421 Lucius Allen
4422 Superstar Montage
4423 Maurice Lucas
4424 Marvin Webster
4425 Marques Johnson
4426 Bernard King
4427 Mychal Thomson
4428 Phil Ford
4429 Paul Westphal
4430 John Drew

SKIING
4301 Ski Touring
4302 Powder Skiing
4303 Free Style Skiing
4304 Sunset Skiing

SOCCER
5100 Giorgio Chinaglia

FOOTBALL
4202 NFL Superstars
4267 Jim Zorn
4268 Steve Bartkowski
4269 Dan Fouts
4270 Ron Jaworski
4271 Wesley Walker
4273 Craig Morton
4274 Lyle Alzado
4275 Dan Dierdorf
4276 Jim Hart
4277 Earl Campbell
4278 Harvey Martin
4279 Ray Guy
4280 Pat Haden
4281 Tony Dorsett
4282 Ken Stabler
4283 Roger Staubach
4284 Chuck Foreman
4285 Walter Payton
4287 Bob Griese
4288 Franco Harris
4291 Ken Anderson
4292 Greg Pruitt
4293 Otis Armstrong
4294 Lawrence McCutcheon
4295 Jack Youngblood
4296 Steve Grogan
4297 Bert Jones
4298 Dave Casper
4299 Terry Bradshaw

GOLF
4601 Hale Irwin
4602 Laura Baugh
4603 Jan Stephenson
4604 Nancy Lopez

TENNIS
4100 Jimmy Connors
4101 Bjorn Borg
4102 Ilie Nastase
4106 Evonne Goolagong
4106 Rosie Casals
4110 Vitas Gerulaitis
4111 Billie Jean King
4112 Guillermo Vilas
4113 Virginia Wade
4114 John McEnroe
4115 Martina Navratilova

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4701 Charlie Brumfield
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Shopwalk

by BARBARA SCHIAPPA

AT THE WOMEN'S SPORTS CENTER, IF THE SHOE FITS—DON'T BE SURPRISED

Back in October 1977, Boston realtor Sally Hurlbut was playing tennis at Longwood Cricket Club when her opponent tossed a teasing comment cross-court about her baggy warmup suit. "He meant to be amusing," she recalls, "but I yelled back, 'If you guys would make something that fit women, we'd look better.' "

In almost every sport, women have been obliged to dress in and play with products that are actually made for men. Why not persuade sporting goods manufacturers to design equipment proportioned to fit a woman's body? Hurlbut organized a dozen of her friends, and together they launched a campaign. "We found most of the major manufacturers receptive to our idea," she says. "They realized that the women's sports market is probably five times larger than the men's market. After all, it's the women who go out and buy."

Seven months later, Hurlbut and her associates opened the Women's Sports Center in Wellesley, Mass., one of the few stores in the country offering a complete line of equipment and clothes specifically designed for women. Here, even the six-foot sportswoman can find a warmup suit proportioned to her figure, and the 100-pound tennis player can buy a lightweight racket with a small grip to fit her hand.

The Center stocks gear and apparel for just about every sport: cross-country ski boots, tennis and running shoes, ice-hockey skates made on a narrower last for the female foot, lacrosse sticks, curling brooms and tennis and squash racquets. Hurlbut, who plays almost every sport but jai alai, says that her own tennis game has improved now that her shoes really fit.

Despite scant advertising, the Women's Sports Center has gained a large clientele by word of mouth, attracting customers from as far away as Italy and Ethiopia. The store specializes in made-to-order items and supplies team uniforms to schools such as Boston University and Wellesley College.

By the end of this year Hurlbut plans to offer a nationwide mail-order service. In the meantime, she will accept special orders and ship anywhere. If you would like to get on the catalog mailing list or place a special order, write the Women's Sports Center, 555 Washington Street, Wellesley, Mass. 02181.

END

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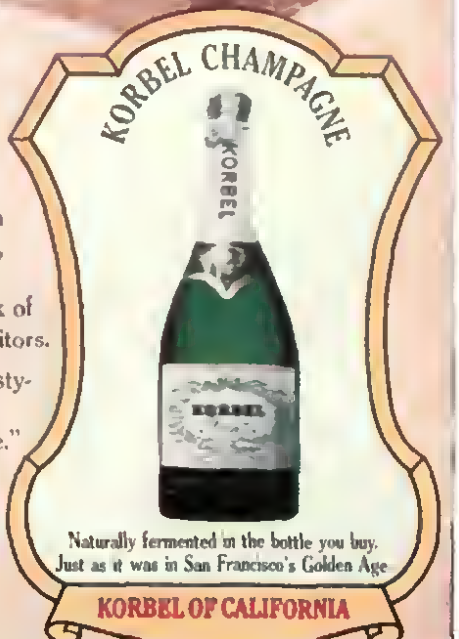
Many a promise is being written in sand.

Marathon picnic outings on the beaches near the Cliff House have hurley-burled in popularity among the City's cyclists.

Wicker baskets heavily laden with Dungeness crab, oyster delicacies, champagne magnums and other sumptuous treats are the hallmark of numerous velocipede powered suitors.

Passing by one cozy couple, a misty-eyed girl commented, "You've broken the promise you made me." To which, the agile-minded beau brummel replied, "Never mind, my dear, I'll make you another."

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SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

JAI ALAI SCANDAL (CONT.)

The jai alai scandal that broke four weeks ago when Connecticut authorities arrested three gamblers and a player on charges of rigging and conspiring to rig games in 1977 at the Milford fronton (SI, June 11) has now spread to Florida, as it was expected it would. Charges that games were fixed over a three-year period at the Dania, Fla. fronton, which like the one at Milford is owned by the Saturday Corporation, were leveled last week by William Irwin, Florida's chief auditor at the Dania fronton.

Interviewed on ABC's *20/20* news magazine, Irwin said that Paul Commonas, one of the gamblers arrested in connection with the alleged fixes in Connecticut, bet on rigged games at Dania from 1975 to 1978. Asked if he witnessed any of the fixes, Irwin replied, "Yes, I did. I could notice from my printout sheets [computer printouts that analyze betting patterns] that somebody was betting large sums, approximately $3,000 in $10 quinellas in a game, and that, invariably, certain players were left out [from among those on whom the bettor wagered]. He [Commonas] never bet these players, and invariably they never won." Irwin alleged that five players were involved in the fixes. Asked if Commonas' pattern of eliminating certain entries from his bets could have been sheer good luck, Irwin replied, "No way. It was too consistent."

Irwin had given similar information to Florida gaming authorities four years ago and again in 1978, but no meaningful action was taken. Apparently Florida officials didn't want to hear bad news about the state's $267 million jai alai industry. *Hartford Courant* reporter Ted Driscoll recently wrote, "Since at least 1972, Florida state officials have systematically covered up evidence of the same kinds of game-fixing and other jai alai betting improprieties now under investigation by a Connecticut grand jury. . . . Whether by design or naiveté . . . jai alai has been protected in Florida by a consistent cover-up by the industry and by state officials."

Clearly there has been a notable lack of zeal in past Florida investigations, but things may be changing. Last week, for the first time ever, state action was brought against jai alai management when Arthur Silvester, owner of the West Palm Beach fronton that was destroyed in an $8 million arson last December, and four of his employees were ordered by Florida's Division of Pari-Mutuel Wagering to show cause, in a non-criminal proceeding, why they should not have their licenses revoked or suspended, or be fined. Silvester is charged with allowing the burial of official records in the fronton rubble. Don Roberts, his general manager, is accused of ordering the burial, and both are accused of mishandling "outs tickets"—winning tickets that have not been cashed immediately. More than $200,000 worth of outs tickets seized by the pari-mutuel division were not stamped, a fact that might have made it possible to cash the tickets twice.

The three other West Palm Beach fronton employees are accused of participating in a betting pool that placed wagers on credit—instead of on a cash basis, as pari-mutuel rules require. The pool allegedly bet as much as $3,000 a night and won some $142,000 during the 1977 and 1978 seasons. The total figure wagered on credit is not known. "But regardless of the amount," says Division Director Gary Rutledge, "it was important."

The fact that Florida is at last investigating charges of corruption in jai alai is even more important.

AM I WEIRD?

Terry Anderson, a wide receiver for the Washington Redskins, is a man who keeps unusual company. For instance, he has a pet tarantula that he's planning to bring to training camp. "I used to have a German shepherd," Anderson told John Crittenden of *The Miami News*, "but you can't take a dog around with you like you can a tarantula. I like its silence and the way it hunts. Sometimes I sit her on the floor and meditate with her." And sometimes he lets her perch on his forehead, like a small tam.

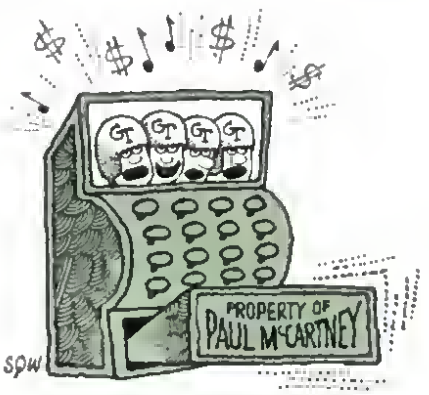
"Maybe some people think I'm weird," he said. "I'm just a different person."

I WANT TO HOLD YOUR SONG

Is it possible that *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* was just a warmup group for Indiana University's Marching Hundred? Could *Lady Madonna* have been the *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*?

It develops that former Beatle Paul McCartney now owns the publishing rights to some of the best-known and most popular college songs. Standards such as *On, Wisconsin!*, *Buckeye Battlecry*, *When Vandy Starts to Fight*, USC's *Fight On* and *Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech* bring in royalties for McCartney whenever they are played.

Three years ago, in a multimillion-dollar deal, McCartney's company, MPL Communications Inc. purchased from



the Edwin H. Morris Company the publishing rights to some 15,000 songs. In addition to such oldies but goodies as *Sentimental Journey* and *Autumn Leaves*, MPL got control of some contemporary titles recorded by Willie Nelson and Linda Ronstadt. But the most unlikely part of the acquisition was the catalog of college-oriented songs that the Morris company had controlled since the '20s. McCartney even owns rights to *The Official West Point March*, *Navy Blue and Gold* and the *Notre Dame Victory March*.

Through a licensing arrangement with ASCAP, colleges pay an annual fee of 6¢ per student enrolled so that their bands can play any ASCAP songs they choose. ASCAP then distributes royalties to songwriters and publishers on the basis of how often their songs are performed in public. What this means is that if No-

continued

If one of these looks good to you,



Toyota Cressida 4-door
$8279, 18 EPA-estimated mpg
4-passenger



VW Dasher 4-door
$7773, 20 EPA-estimated mpg
4-passenger



Datsun 810 4-door
$8519, 20 EPA-estimated mpg
5-passenger



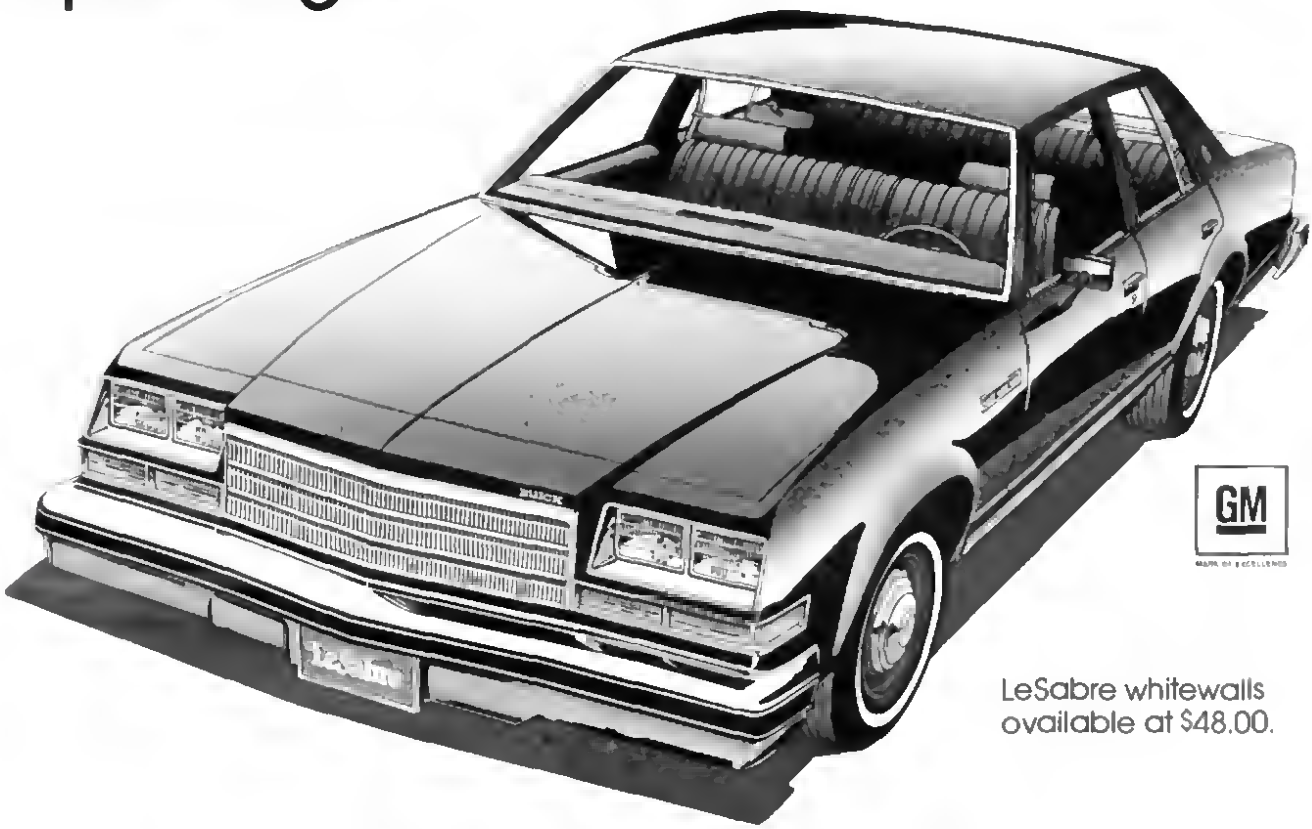
Audi 5000 4-door
$9720, 17 EPA-estimated mpg
5-passenger



Volvo 244 4-door
$8085, 19 EPA-estimated mpg
5-passenger

one of these should look terrific.

Buick LeSabre 4-door $6110, 18 EPA-estimated mpg, 6-passenger



GM

LeSabre whitewalls ovailable at $48.00.

Remember: Use these estimates for comporison. You may get different mileoge depending on your speed, trip length and weather. EPA estimates vary in Colifornio. See your dealer for detoils.

All prices are Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices including automatic transmissions. **Destination charges vary, and will affect comparisons.** License, state and local taxes and optional equipment additional. **The level of standard equipment varies among cars.**

Buick LeSabres ore equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

BUICK

After all, life is to enjoy.

tre Dame has a good season, and the *Victory March* is played whenever the Irish score, McCartney hears the music along with the gentle clinking of coins. Talk about a rich trip down Penny Lane.

AKII-BUA'S ESCAPE

A sigh of relief went up in the international track and field community last week when word came that Uganda's John Akii-Bua had arrived safely in West Germany. The fate of the 1972 Olympic 400-meter-hurdle champion and former world-record holder had been uncertain since the fall of Ugandan dictator Idi Amin in April. Now reunited with his wife, Joyce, and their three children, aged eight, five and 14 months, in Herzogenaurach, Akii-Bua, 29, reflected on his perilous journey to safety.

"Uganda was, in effect, a prison," he said. "Since 1976 there had been a policy under Idi Amin that at first kept me from going abroad to compete, and later allowed me to go only on condition that I'd come back. To make sure I did, Amin kept my wife and children in Uganda. I think he wanted to put me in jail several times [Amin slaughtered thousands of Akii-Bua's tribesmen], but I guess he didn't do it because I was too prominent a person.

"Since 1975 I had been trying to get out with my family, but there was no way for us to leave together. I had a brother among the Tanzanian liberator forces. He told me to get out of Kampala and go to our home village of Abako, but I knew if we did that Amin's people would get us there. It was better to stay in the big city."

Taking advantage of the confusion that developed as the liberators approached Kampala, Akii-Bua arranged for his family to go to the vicinity of Tororo, near Uganda's border with Kenya, and made plans to join them there on March 30.

"I left by car, dressed in my police uniform, trying to look as I usually do," he continued. "Along the way about 30 soldiers suddenly jumped out of the bush, stopped me and demanded I take them to Jinja. I knew if I did that I would never come back, so I told them I was on duty in the police operations room and had to repair a VHF receiver that was out of order. To make them believe my story, I had to head back to Kampala.

"The next day I tried again. This time I joined a West German diplomatic convoy. My uncle was with me, and we spotted three carloads of boys from the State Research Bureau [Amin's security and terror squad]. We jumped into our Peugeot and outran them after 30 kilometers. I knew we couldn't go into Tororo town or we'd be spotted, so we went to where my wife was staying and hid out for three days. Then she walked six miles with the kids from Malaba through the bush and crossed the Kenya border at Amungurha. I drove three miles through the bush to Busia in Kenya, paying local villagers to show me the way."

Kenyan authorities held Akii-Bua and other Ugandans, many of them Amin's aides, there for a month. His wife told the West German newspaper *Die Welt* that it was only luck that saved her husband from being sent back to Uganda and killed in the bloody days that followed the defeat of Amin's forces.

Upon being released in Kenya, Akii-Bua sent his family to West Germany, and having waited until some order had been restored in Uganda, he briefly visited Kampala to check on other relatives. There he discovered that his home had been looted and that his Olympic gold medal was gone.

Akii-Bua was unable to compete at the 1976 Montreal Olympics because of the boycott by Black African nations and his first international competition since 1975 came last summer in Algiers. But he vows he will resume racing. He soon will decide whether to remain in West Germany or return to Uganda to train for the 1980 Games in Moscow. "So much of Uganda is destroyed that it is hard to train at home," he said, "but I still plan to return to live there. I would like to win a medal for my country."

PEAKS AND VALLEYS

Ah, but life can be confounding. Consider Ronnie Franklin, the controversial 19-year-old rider of Spectacular Bid. Last week Franklin was arrested in California—at Disneyland, no less— for allegedly possessing a small amount of cocaine. It was but the latest in a series of incidents that have had Franklin riding an emotional roller coaster.

Just a month ago, fresh from victories in the Kentucky Derby and Preakness, Ronnie was enjoying the acclaim attendant on a jockey who seemed to have the Triple Crown locked up.

But abruptly things went sour. A paternity suit was filed against him the week before the Belmont Stakes. He tangled with Angel Cordero during a race and the two later exchanged blows in the jockeys' room. Then came the Belmont. Spectacular Bid finished third, and Franklin was criticized for giving the colt a bad ride.

One of the few to come to Franklin's defense after the Belmont was Bid's trainer Bud Delp, who said, "Ronnie rode the horse just perfect. Exactly the way I would've rode him. . . . The best horse [Coastal] won the race, that's all."

After the arrest, Delp immediately suspended Franklin, but then changed his mind and announced that Ronnie would continue riding horses for him. Apparently, though, Delp has changed his mind about other things, too. When he was asked about the pressures Franklin has been under of late, he said, "They definitely affected his performance in the Belmont. I thought he rode a sort of scared race. I think he wanted to eliminate any possible confrontation with Cordero, therefore he didn't ride a well-judged race. . . . He realized it after he watched the race on videotape a few times. He knew that he made an error." The next day Delp announced that Willie Shoemaker would henceforth ride Spectacular Bid.

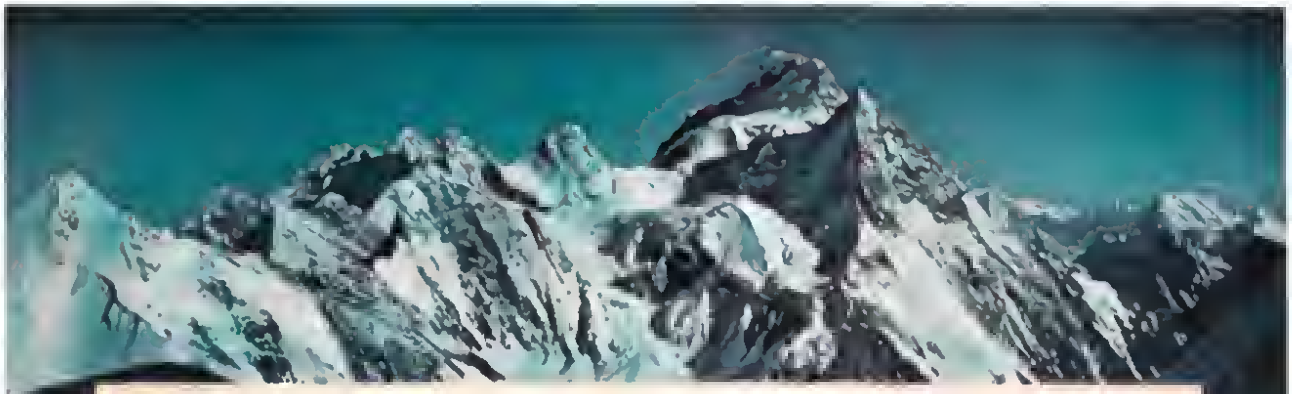
As Ernest Hemingway wrote, "Seems like when they get started they don't leave a guy nothing."

FREE FOR ALL

It's one thing to have the gang over after the game, but Mike Pulos, a Phoenix restaurateur, has invited 70,311 football fans for dinner. If Arizona State wins its home opener against California at Sun Devil Stadium on Sept. 8, Pulos says he will give every ticket holder a free spaghetti dinner. Roughly figured, he says, that works out to 10 tons of pasta, 3,375 gallons of meat sauce, 18 tons of sourdough bread and 15½ tons of spumoni. What, no cheese?

THEY SAID IT

- Dave Heaverlo, relief pitcher for the last-place A's, after he got his right arm caught in the door of an Oakland Coliseum elevator: "My gawd, there goes the pennant."
- Gil Clancy, one of the TV commentators for the Howard Davis-José Hernandez lightweight bout, when told that Davis is a vegetarian: "I don't care what religion he is. If he doesn't get moving, he's gonna lose this fight." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
JULY 2, 1979







On Martin s opening night he trotted to homa plate with his lineup card and received e standing ovation. He remeined on center stage for much of the next few

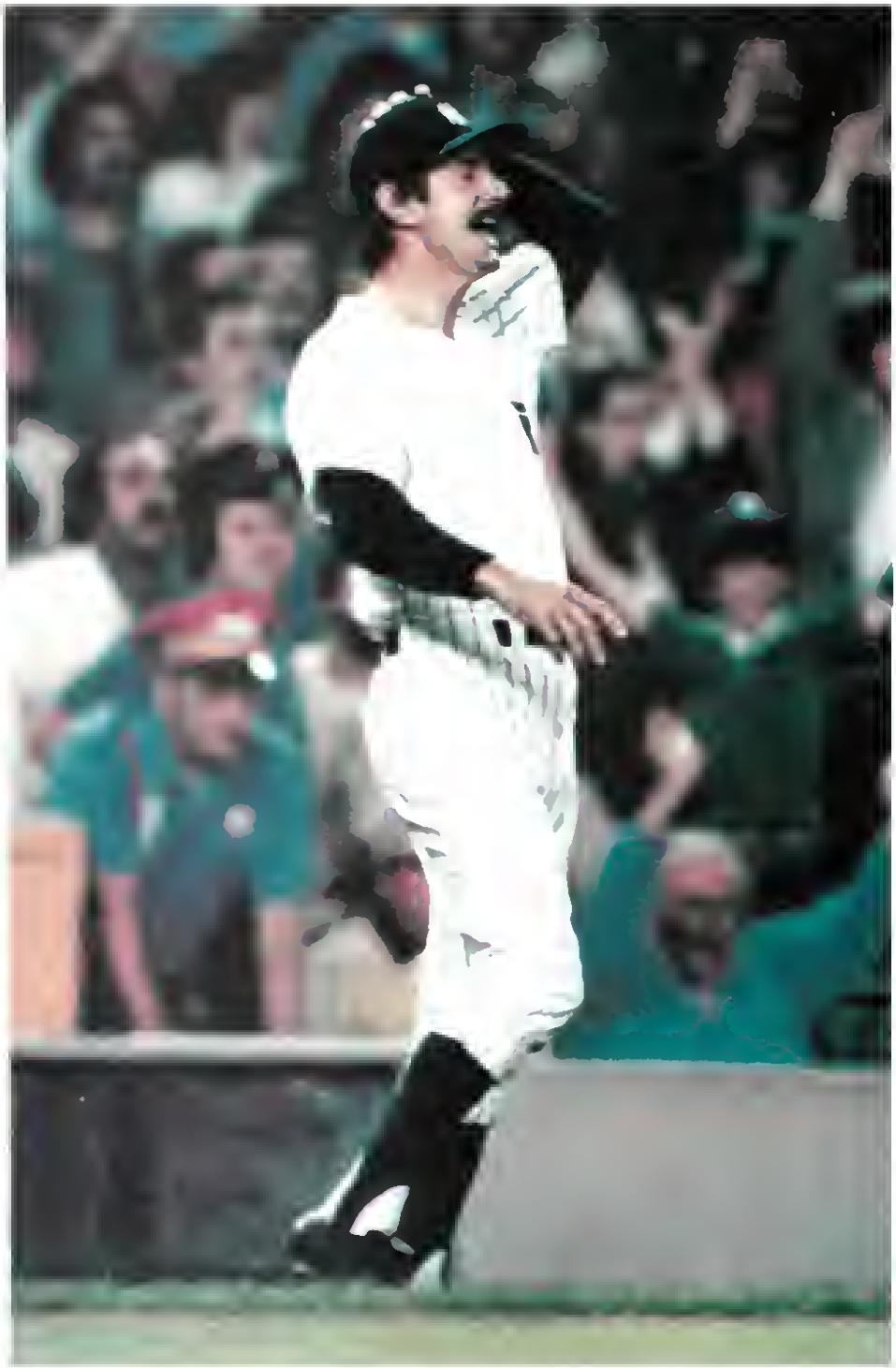
BILLY BOY IS BACK

Mired in fourth place and in need of a jolt, the Yankees got one when fiery Billy Martin was renamed manager 11 months after his resignation. Out West, the Dodgers were stumbling, too

by LARRY KEITH







games, directing runners from the third base coaching box, tangling with umpires and agonizing when a Nettles bid for a game-winning home run was caught

At 8:07 on the night of his return from exile, Billy Martin, the Dead End Kid who somehow never gets dead-ended, poked his cocky puss out of the dugout in Yankee Stadium, smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from his pinstripes and jogged out into the city's open arms. He had in his hand the first lineup card he would deliver as Yankee manager in 11 months—since that day when, speaking of two other superduperegos, Reggie Jackson and owner George Steinbrenner, he had said, "One's a born liar and the other's convicted."

Enacting a scenario worthy of daytime television, Steinbrenner had hugged the prodigal to his forgiving bosom, and now as Martin lifted his cap to the adoring crowd, the organist struck up *Billy Boy*, the scoreboard flashed WELCOME BACK, BILLY and the fans, in a two-minute, 10-second standing ovation, screamed and flung rolls of unfurling toilet paper onto the field. Martin had said earlier, "I'm a battler and they are battlers. I'm what the common guy likes."

The fact that the Yankees lost to Toronto's tail-end Blue Jays did little to dampen the homecoming party. Billy was back, and to many New Yorkers that was

continued



Jackson wasn t about to take Martin s return in stride He may soon be walking elsewhere

even better than 10 gallons in the tank and a rent-controlled apartment with a river view Martin was 12 pounds heavier and a ton happier than when he tearfully resigned last July, and to the fans he was Lindbergh back from France, Armstrong back from the moon. To the rest of baseball he was the stormy manager of an injury-riddled team struggling to defend its world championship.

Steinbrenner replaced Manager Bob Lemon with Martin last week for the same reason he dropped Martin for Lemon last summer. He believed New York's problems on the field demanded a different style of leadership—in the dugout and in the clubhouse. "Last year I needed someone 180 degrees from what Billy was," Steinbrenner said. "This year I need someone 180 degrees from what Lemon was "

This year the unflappable Lemon became too detached, a result of a different set of priorities following the death of his youngest son in an automobile accident 10 days after last year's World Series "It's not that I didn't want to win," he said last week. "but when I lost, it didn't bother me as much." Steinbrenner could sympathize with Lemon's feelings as a man, but not as a manager. He felt the players lacked hustle and spark and, worst of all, concern "The team was disintegrating and I had to do something now," he said. "Billy is the right guy for the moment "

The problem Martin inherited is remarkably similar to the one he left behind. When he resigned, concerned about "my health and mental well-being," New York was in third place in the American League East, 10 games behind the division leader, Boston. When he returned Tuesday, the Yankees were in fourth place, 8½ games behind Baltimore (At week's end the margin was nine) Thus Martin's 1979 Yankees were faced with the monumental task of duplicating the feat of Lemon's 1978 Yankees, the only American League team ever to win a pennant by overcoming a double-digit deficit in a season in which it changed managers. Clearly the odds are again overwhelmingly against the Yanks.

Not many believed Martin would ever get this chance at redemption Five days after accepting his apology and resignation, Steinbrenner promised that Martin would be back again in 1980 But he didn't put the pledge in writing, and his comments concerning Martin's health and deportment suggested he was looking for an escape hatch. Martin seemed to provide a suitable one when he slugged a Reno sportswriter in November, but that opportunity disappeared after the combatants settled out of court in May. Former Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson might have had a shot at the New York job, but two weeks ago he became the manager of Detroit. Steinbrenner suddenly had no other big-name choice.

On the day of Martin's return, the Yankees ranked seventh in the league in hitting, 10th in scoring, 13th in stolen bases, fifth in pitching and 12th in saves Three of the teams' best players were sidelined. Goose Gossage had been out with a torn ligament in his right thumb since April 19, Jackson had been out with a muscle tear since June 3, and Ron Guidry, winner of 25 games and the Cy Young Award in '78, had been out with a back sprain since June 12. True, the Orioles and Red Sox have had their share of injuries, but nothing to compare with Yankee losses

Martin is prepared to make the standard argument that "there is plenty of time left," but not all of his players are so confident "We're struggling and we're putting ourselves in a hole," says Outfielder Lou Piniella, the team's leading hitter at .309. "We're way, way back and it seems we've got the whole league in front of us I just hope we don't put ourselves in so deep that we put on a finishing kick for nothing "

The situation is even more embarrassing because the team's most serious problem—the unavailability of Gossage, the fireballing fireman who saved 27 games and won 10 last season—was the result of a sophomoric clubhouse fracas between him and journeyman Cliff Johnson Johnson has since been sentenced to Cleveland, but the trauma lingers on. From the day Gossage was hurt to the day Lemon was hired, Yankee relievers got only two saves. In that same period New York suffered 12 defeats in games in which it held or was tied for the lead entering the seventh inning. If Gossage had won or saved only half of those games (a modest assumption: he had a win and

Owner Steinbrenner who carries a big stick



three saves in the first 11 games of the season), New York would be in contention and Lemon would still be manager. Says Martin, "Gossage's getting hurt ruined my vacation. Instead of making cocktails at 5:30, I'm at the park working."

New York's best reliever lately has been rookie Ron Davis, who is 5–0 with two saves after being recalled from Columbus on May 28. When Davis earned those saves against Toronto last week they were the Yankees' first since May 8, when Guidry, of all people, pitched two innings and struck out the last four batters. "Getting a save is a bigger thrill than getting a win," says Davis, "because that's what relievers are supposed to do."

Davis' saves came a little too late for Lemon, who accepted his dismissal like the good company man he is. According to Steinbrenner, Lemon will become the team's general manager next year, just as Steinbrenner announced last July.

For all the Yankees' woes, which most recently include injuries to Starting Pitchers Ed Figueroa and Jim Beattie, they have been the league's most successful team at the gate. Before last week, attendance was already up 91,462 from last year and the preliminary expectation for the three-day, four-game series against Toronto was 69,000. After Martin was named, the actual turnout jumped to 88,418, a 28% increase that more than covered Martin's six-figure salary.

Despite the worshipful crowds, Steinbrenner believes the common guy has had enough of Billy the battler. "The fans understand him now better than they ever did before," he says. "They're waving their banners, but they are also saying, 'I hope he stays out of trouble. No more fights, no more histrionics.' I've told him he's at the final crossroads."

Martin is more than Steinbrenner's manager; he is his personal reclamation project. In 1975, when Martin was fired, by the Rangers, for the third time in seven years, Steinbrenner was right there to put him in pinstripes. In 1977 the owner said he would see to it that Martin didn't have the same kind of "falloff" in his second full year in New York that he had suffered elsewhere. In 1978 he stuck with Martin even after the manager tried to fight Jackson in the dugout. Last year, after Martin hanged himself with his double-barreled "liar" quote, Steinbrenner put him on display at the Yanks' Old-Timers' Game, where it was announced that Martin would be back in 1980. "In my gut it wasn't right that he had to leave," the owner says. "After he resigned that Monday, I knew the next day that I had to bring him back." Now Steinbrenner's challenge is to help Martin make peace with the world. "I don't want him to change out on the field," he said. "I want him to change in his public behavior, and I think he has."

Martin contends that he hasn't changed at all and that he's not about to try. "Maybe he sees something in me that I don't see," Martin says. "I'm the same Billy Martin."

There was evidence aplenty of that last week. The old Billy Martin often spoke in half-truths that only he believed, and he acted in mysterious ways that only he understood. The new Billy Martin glossed over his problems of last year and insisted that he was coaching third base for a while because of the difficulty in teaching new signals to the regular coach, rather than because Steinbrenner told him to. For no apparent reason, in his first lineup he transposed Lou Piniella, usually a rightfielder, and Juan Beniquez, who had been in left, dropped Willie Randolph from second to seventh in the batting order and raised Munson from third to second. Beniquez said later he had played no more than four games in right in his career, and Randolph was on a nine-game 341 hitting streak. "It's his first day on the job and he's trying to get something going," said Randolph generously. "I'm not going to start yelling." The Yankees lost that game 5–4 but won the following evening 2–1 when Martin used a more conventional lineup and batting order in the first game of a doubleheader.

As for Jackson, Martin said, "Reggie is a very important part of our club. We need him to win the pennant."

It was the kind of statement the "old" Martin probably wouldn't have made, but Jackson, the subject of trade rumor, stubbornly refused to accept the peace offering. "I don't have anything to say," he answered via the press. "I just want to play and get well as soon as I can." Later a friend of Jackson's said, "Reggie didn't believe Billy was being sincere." A friend of Martin's answered, "Whether

continued

said Billy had come to 'the final crossroads'





The Thumb began the Yankee slump; until it mends, Gossage's hummer will look like this

Billy meant it or not isn't as important as the fact that he made a public show of conciliation. By not responding in the same way, Reggie made the situation even worse."

Martin has never been very good at healing wounded psyches like Jackson's. His strength is managing baseball games, not baseball players. During his 11 months in "limbo," as he called it, he watched games on television and second-guessed the same as any other fan. He didn't need spring training to get ready, because for him "managing just clicks in. It comes automatically."

Success with this ball club will be anything but automatic, however. Some players believe who the manager is doesn't really matter because New York is a veteran club with the ability to win in all situations against all odds. "This club is going to do what it's going to do," says Randolph. "If we need somebody to come in and shake us up, we're in bad shape." Graig Nettles says, 'Billy can steal an extra run occasionally with his strategy, but if we come back, the players will deserve all the credit, just like we do for last year." The other opinion is that Martin may be a considerable change for the better. "Bob was passive," says Piniella. "If something went bad, he'd let it slide, but with Billy you always know he's around."

If the Yankees intend to win they must show more than they did last week. Although they did win five of seven games against Toronto and Cleveland, two of the three teams in the division trailing them, they had to struggle for all but one of the victories. And in one of the defeats they made the kind of lackadaisical mistake that prompted Steinbrenner to make his change. The *faux pas* occurred in the ninth inning of a 3–2 game against the Blue Jays when Chris Chambliss popped up a sacrifice bunt. By letting the ball fall, the Toronto third baseman was able to force the lead runner at second base. Then, because Chambliss didn't run hard immediately after the bunt, he was doubled up at first. This lack of hustle brought Steinbrenner out of his box and into Martin's office. He thought he had put a stop to mistakes like that when he fired Lemon, but as Chambliss said, "I mess up. We mess up. It doesn't matter who the manager is."

Not to Chambliss, maybe, but don't try to sell that idea in the Yankee Stadium bleachers. **END**

DODGER BLUE IS TURNING GRAY

by Jim Kaplan



Lasorda says the Big Dodger may be testing him

As the Yankees changed managers, the Los Angeles Dodgers, the Yanks' playmates in the last two World Series, went right on self-destructing with the same old people. Take a recent game at Dodger Stadium with the Chicago Cubs, an all-too-typical outing. Dodger Pitcher Rick Sutcliffe walked eight men and allowed two runs without giving up a hit in one inning and one run without yielding a hit in another. Dusty Baker threw to the wrong base and also made an error in the outfield. Bill Russell bobbled a ground ball, and Davey Lopes threw wildly past first. With the score tied at 4–4 in the seventh and Cubbies on first and second, L.A. Manager Tom Lasorda summoned Ken Brett from the bullpen. The handsome, affable but hapless Brett, who had been released by two other teams this season, gave up three consecutive singles. Chicago won it 7–4.

By the end of last week Los Angeles was in fourth place in the National League West with a 32–41 record, trailing Houston by 12 games. The Dodgers were playing like, well, bums. Gordon Verrell of the *Long Beach Independent Press-Telegram*, a longtime Dodger observer, was asked to name the most embarrassing L.A. mistake of the season. "Taking the field," he said.

The last time the Dodgers started this poorly was in 1967, also following two consecutive pennants. That year they finished eighth in a 10-team league. Nothing, it seems, spoils a Los Angeles team like success. Yet last week as they boarded their 720-B luxury jet for four games in Atlanta, the players seemed exuberant. The Atlanta series offered them a chance to start moving—the Dodgers may be bad, but the Braves are worse. The players were scattered through the plane's five compartments, eating hot chicken, gobbling cookies and fruit, playing cards and talking. Several of the Dodgers' chic, expensively dressed wives were along. The baseball talk was lighthearted. "Who are you trying to impress?" starting Pitcher Don Sutton asked Reliever Terry Forster, a big, generous fellow who was carrying a couple of lunch trays to the back of the plane. "This is my extra job," said Forster, who has thrown only 9⅓ innings in eight appearances. "I ain't pitching."

But in Atlanta the mood darkened. In the opener Sutton blew a 6–1 lead, Forster walked three batters, and Lerrin LaGrow forced in a run by walking another. The Dodgers hung on to win 6–4 when Brett and rookie Dave Patterson retired a man apiece with the bases loaded in the ninth. "A typical Dodger game," said First Baseman Steve Garvey with a quizzical smile—except, he failed to add, for the result.

The Dodger press corps crowded around Patterson's locker. A slight 22-year-old redhead who had been called up from Albuquerque two weeks earlier, Patterson was amazed at the attention he was getting for throwing two pitches. "I enjoy relieving," he said thoughtfully. "When you win at home, you get great applause. And when you win on the road, there's nothing but silence. That's nice, too."

The next night there was noise aplenty—a fireworks display, to be exact—when the Braves won 3–2. Dodger Pitcher Bob Welch set up Atlanta's three-run fourth by throwing away a double-play ball, and his teammates wasted eight hits, leaving nine men on base. Afterward, Lasorda was asked if he was pleased with the pitching of Welch, who had worked a complete game and allowed just five hits. "He didn't pitch very well to second base," Lasorda growled.

Needless to say, the season hasn't been a lot of laughs for Lasorda. "I've never had this kind of year," he had said ear-

lier in the week, staring glumly into a glass of vodka in his office. "I ask myself if God wants me to lose, if He wants to see how I react to adversity. I go to sleep feeling bad and I wake up feeling the same way."

On Saturday he felt no better. Starting a nationally televised game, Jerry Reuss walked five men and gave up two hits in two-thirds of an inning. Charlie Hough contributed a couple of strong innings but had to retire because of pain from root-canal work. Then Patterson was raked—relieving can be no fun, too—and Brett balked home a run. The Dodgers lost 7–3. Lasorda locked the clubhouse door for the first time this season. When it was opened 20 minutes later, he was still shaken. "I just wanted the players to sit and think," he said. Someone asked him to elaborate. "I told you the first time," Lasorda snapped, his voice rising.

Having created a faithful following through careful public relations and self-congratulatory image-making, the Dodgers have grown defensive and divided under recent criticism. "How many games were the Yankees behind last year?" Al Campanis, the vice-president for player personnel, said. He has seen a few poor starts in his 40 years in the Dodger system.

But there is an important difference between the 1978 Yankees and 1979 Dodgers. The Yankees were chasing a single team, one that was bound to stop playing .700 ball; the Dodgers are trailing three teams, Houston, Cincinnati and San Francisco, the latter two of which have not been playing up to their potential. "A week after the All-Star break the teams in our division start playing each other," reflected Pitcher Burt Hooton, an effective (7–4) starter who is called Happy because he never smiles. "If two play two, all four can't lose. At some point we have to start winning every day while the rest play at .500."

"The league has too much balance," Sutton said in Atlanta, putting down a book called *3,000 Insults*. "You don't win 15 straight anymore. You have to two-out-of-three them to death." That won't be easy in July, when the Dodgers, who are 11–24 on the road, play only eight home games.

For the club to be even respectable, the pitching must improve dramatically. The Dodgers have led the league in earned run average six of the past seven years, but this season the staff is in ninth place with a 4.18 ERA and has only one shutout. With 17-game winner Tommy John now a Yankee, and no other stopper in sight, the Dodgers have been swept in four different series. A few weeks ago Doug Rau, who won 15 games in 1978, was lost for the season after shoulder surgery. Another starter, Andy Messersmith, is on the 21-day disabled list. The bullpen is a shambles. Nine pitchers have toiled in relief, and the present five have just three saves. The Dodgers are second in the league in scoring, yet trail their opponents by eight runs, largely because of the bullpen's deficiencies.

The key to the bullpen—and probably the Dodger season—is Forster, the American League's Fireman of the Year with the 1974 White Sox. At 6′ 3″, 210 pounds, the round-faced pitcher was frequently mistaken for Goose Gossage when they were teammates in Chicago and Pittsburgh. Last year Forster pitched a lot like Gossage, too, getting 22 saves despite intense pain in his elbow. "The nerve in the groove of my elbow was pinching me," he says. "It looked like a simple operation and I'd be back in six weeks. But when they operated they found bone chips and tendon damage. They said I'd be lucky to pitch this year."

After working gamely on a Nautilus machine, Forster resumed pitching May 25. He has won one game, saved one and has a 2.00 ERA, but he has to rest several days after each appearance. Forster feels pain when he throws, especially when he releases a slider, normally his out-pitch against righthanded hitters. Nonetheless, he believes he can regain his 1978 form. He must.

If there is any bright spot in the grim Dodger picture, it is home attendance. Crowds have been pouring into Dodger Stadium, an average of 38,596 a game. At that rate home attendance will pass three million for the second year in a row. As their heroes bumble away game after game, the fans nevertheless cheer on. A rare dissenter is Johnny Carson, who offered his *Tonight Show* audience this puzzle: given the answer "*Send in the Clowns*," what is the question? Solution: "What are they playing at Dodger Stadium instead of the national anthem?"

Tommy Lasorda isn't laughing. END



The Dodger season in miniature: the ball beats the runner but goes past First Baseman Garvey

'I SEND THE DOGS OUT, AND THEN I GO IN'

So Larry Holmes said, and so he did, defending his title in a week in which Roberto Duren also shone, but Leon Spinks wes spenked **by PAT PUTNAM**



Underdog Mike Weaver could dish it out, too.

The jab was a bolt of beauty, a cobra striking again and again at the already reddened and swollen face of Mike Weaver. It always begins this way—with the wicked jab. It is the drum roll for another anticipated brilliant performance by Larry Holmes, 29, the heavyweight champion of those portions of the globe that no longer swear fealty to Muhammad Ali.

"The jab is my dogs," a confident but troubled Holmes had said a few hours before his WBC title defense against Weaver last Friday night at Madison Square Garden. "I send the dogs out, then I go in."

Early in the first round the dogs were off their leads and doing their work Weaver, 26, an ex-Marine from Pomona, Calif., was verifying the rumors about his abilities: he was plodding and easy to hit. He looked every bit the unappealing out-bet underdog he had been labeled by the Las Vegas bookies and the New York TV moguls.

The crowd of 14,136, the fans who watched on closed circuit in 45 locations, and the two million subscribers in their living rooms who could be thankful that Home Box Office shelled out the fire-sale price of $150,000 to buy a fight program that the three major networks deemed unworthy of display, warmed to the promise of Holmes' heavy fists.

The mood had been properly set, first by Jimmy Young, who had waddled in at 235 pounds, 23 more than he weighed when he beat George Foreman in 1977, but 24 fewer than he weighed only three weeks before this fight. He stifled a merry outcry at his obesity by knocking out one Wendell Bailey in the third round.

Then it was the turn of Roberto Duran, bringing a sense of almost surrealistic beauty to savagery, fighting for the first time as a welterweight and, after 10 brutal rounds, chasing Carlos Palomino, the former WBC champion, into retirement. Duran had been awesome among

The "dogs" Holmes' term for his stinging jabs were in fine form—a good thing because his other weapons were largely ineffectual against the game Weaver



the lightweights, whom he ruled without mercy for seven years. He may be even better at 147 pounds. The higher weight slowed Duran not at all. He bewildered Palomino with flicking head and shoulder feints; he battered him with punches thrown at blinding speed. At times, just for fun, he feinted from the left, feinted from the right, and then, with Palomino in a flux of frantic confusion, stepped back and flashed a wolfish grin as Palomino untangled himself. Duran won 99–90 on all three cards.

"Aw, I wasn't that good," he said after this, his 66th victory in 67 fights. "I didn't train that hard in Panama. I guess I am just lazy. But next time I will train very hard. Next time I will be very good."

Next time should be against Pipino Cuevas, the WBA champion, sometime in September. And the time after that he should be matched with the winner of December's Sugar Ray Leonard-Wilfredo Benitez WBC championship fight.

"I don't think any of those people want to fight Roberto," said Carlos Eleta, Duran's patron and manager. "But now we leave them no choice. We have them in a position where they can't run from us."

Despite the action-filled welterweight fight, Friday night belonged to Holmes. He is an immensely proud man, and, despite the fact that he privately downgraded Weaver, it annoyed him that his fight was drawing less media attention than Duran vs. Palomino.

"They aren't even in a title fight," Holmes complained. "It's a 10-round preliminary, and I don't care who's in it, that's all it is. They all act as if Weaver was going to walk into the ring and drop dead. Hell, he's a fighter. He's going to throw everything he has at me because he has nothing to lose. He wants my title and for him it's the chance of a lifetime. And I'll kill him before I let him take it from me."

It was equally unsettling to the champion that the TV networks were ignoring a heavyweight title fight for the first time since Sept. 28, 1976. The networks had chosen instead to show an eight-year-old tearjerker movie; a rerun from an adventure series; and Eddie Capra solving a murder he had solved for TV at least once before.

All that merely hurt Holmes' pride; the financial terms he had accepted were disastrous. For his defense against Weaver—a muscular and shy young man sometimes billed as "Hercules," and who, according to the latest WBC mythology, was ranked eight steps from Olympus on the basis of the 20–8 record he seemingly had achieved *in camera*—Holmes was first promised the relatively modest sum of $1 million.



In the 11th round, Holmes connected with a right uppercut, sending Weaver to the canvas.

Holmes wasn't unhappy with that figure. No matter how the fight was billed, Weaver was no more than a tune-up for a proposed Sept. 14 rematch with Earnie Shavers, and for that one the champion would be paid $2.5 million. But then the $1 million for risking all against Weaver began to dissolve. The TV people decided that Holmes-Weaver wasn't worth prime-time exposure.

The final blow was delivered by Madison Square Garden, a full and losing partner with promoter Don King in his last four New York ventures. This time the Garden elected to recoup some of its losses with a flat $45,000 rental fee and let King go it alone. He could pay for the ads and promotion.

"And I went from $1 million to zero," Holmes said morosely. "Don said I had to gamble. I get 100% of everything over expenses. He says we need 14,000 at the live gate to break even. I hope we draw 14,001. I'd like to make a dollar."

Holmes' patience was bent near to the breaking point when, after a warmup in his dressing room, he entered the ring ready to fight only to find a screeching and quivering ring announcer who spent 20 minutes introducing everyone in the first 10 rows, including a local Cadillac dealer.

The ring announcer turned out to be Bill Merriman, whom King imported

continued

from San Antonio, where he must practice his craft by calling pigs.

Holmes at least was spared the $1.98 performance of King's Queens, a group of young damsels who were herded into the ring to prance about in multicolored but uniformly skintight outfits.

As Merriman's roll call of the audience went on, Holmes almost chucked it in. He told King later, "One more minute of that and I was gonna climb out of the ring and go home. You damn near didn't have a fight. I came in sweating and ready to go, and then I had to stand there listening to that guy introduce all those people, and nobody knew who any of them were."

Cooled down, as was Weaver, Holmes finally got to fight. He knew the bout wouldn't go 15 rounds; he just wasn't sure when it would end. "Some guy wrote that I predicted a knockout in the fourth round," he said. "I never said that. I'm not like Ali; I don't make predictions. I just said it wouldn't go more than seven, and only because one of my daughters asked for that."

In the past, when the 6′ 3″, 215-pound Holmes chose the moment to follow his dogs to the quarry, it had been with thunderous hooks and straight rights and uppercuts. In just two days short of a full year, he had decisively beaten the formidable Shavers in 12 rounds, and then, on a split decision, had taken the title from Kenny Norton and defended it twice, destroying Alfredo Evangelista and Osvaldo Ocasio, each in seven explosive rounds, improving with each fight.

But when Holmes stepped in to unload on the slow-moving Weaver, he found he had nothing to go with the jab. Everything he threw, except that slamming straight left, missed.

"Weaver thumbed him in the left eye in the first round," said Richie Giachetti, Holmes' manager and trainer. "He complained about it when he came back to the corner."

"What are you seeing?" Giachetti asked him.

"Sometimes I see double, sometimes triple. And sometimes I can't see anything."

Working quickly, Giachetti washed out the eye. Then he pressed the swollen tissue around it with a coin, forcing the swelling away from the eye to keep it from closing

"All you can do is go out and move and jab, move and jab," Giachetti said. "And wait for the eye to clear."



Duran, fighting for the first time as a welterweight, exulted even before his victory was announced

Holmes moved, but he was cumbersome. This wasn't the Holmes of the last four fights. His legs were sluggish, his reactions slow. There was only the jab, and even that at times was less than perfect. Weaver, his face taking a beating, began to walk through it. In the fourth round he hurt Holmes with a hook to the body, and then shook him with a long right to the head. As Holmes tried to escape, his right foot found a puddle of water in his corner and he went to one knee. "A slip," ruled referee Harold Valan.

After losing the first three rounds to the jab, Weaver, 13 pounds lighter than Holmes, won the next two. Sensing an upset might be in the making, the crowd began to cheer "WeaVER, WeaVER, WeaVER."

"I heard them yelling for him," Holmes said later, "but it didn't mean anything. At the time, he was beating the hell out of me. So they yelled for him. When I was beating the hell out of him, they was yelling for me."

Going back to the jab, pawing at times with the right, Holmes regained some control. He won the sixth and seventh

rounds, but he was breathing hard. He appeared to be spent.

In the crowd, Shavers, seeing his September title shot unexpectedly slipping away, became alarmed. "You're messing with my money!" he screamed up at Holmes. "I got to feed my babies. Run from him. If you can't run from him, give me the baton and I'll get in the ring and run from him."

In the eighth and ninth rounds, both men, too tired to run or to give chase, battered each other about the ring. At any moment it seemed as though one—or both—would fall from exhaustion.

It was while trudging back to his corner at the end of the ninth round that Holmes decided enough was enough. "I thought about my title," he said. "And I thought about this guy trying to take it from me. I knew I had made a lot of mistakes: that I had taken him too lightly, that I should have trained a lot harder. I decided to suck it up. If I was going to be a champion, then, damn it, I was gonna fight like a champion. He was gonna have to kill me to take my title."

As the 10th round began, Holmes said to Weaver, "I'm the champion. There's no way you're gonna beat me."

"I'm gonna try," Weaver answered.

They went at each other with a fury. Near the end of the round Holmes drilled a right to Weaver's jaw and bounced another off the top of his head.

"Now," Holmes thought.

He stepped in—and took a solid right on the chin that staggered him. Reaching deeply within, Holmes remained toe to toe with Weaver for the last few seconds.

"I was scared to death," King, who will promote the September fight as well, said later.

"What the hell," said Giachetti. "You think you were the only one scared?"

The 11th round began with the crowd once more urging Weaver to end it. Once more the fighters went at each other head to head. With a minute to go, Weaver was cut over the left eye. His face was cherry-red and swollen from the jab, from the heavy punches now getting past his tired arms.

Holmes caught his man with two lefts and a right, and then a solid right cross. Weaver backed into the ropes and the champion followed him, stepped in close and threw everything he had left into a paralyzing right uppercut.

Weaver dropped. There were 12 seconds left. Somehow the challenger pulled himself up, just beating the count. It earned him a minute's rest, but that wasn't enough.

As Weaver came out for the 12th round, referee Valan asked, "Are you O.K.?"

"Yeah," was the reply.

Holmes advanced quickly, fired four quick jabs and then went to work with both hands. Weaver backed against the ropes and hung there, unable to do more than defend himself. Valan stopped the fight 44 seconds into the round and the network TV people took off after King, bidding for replay rights to the bout. "They all wanted it," King reported later. "I gave it to ABC and they'll run it on July 1. Giving it to ABC was the right thing to do. After all, they'll televise Holmes-Shavers."

And Holmes' dogs will not only have their day; Larry will have a payday.

DOWN AND OUT IN MONACO

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Gerrie Coetzee is a hero worshiper. His idol is Muhammad Ali, no small concession for a South African *Voortrekker*. Coetzee (pronounced coat-SEE-ah) has a full-size poster of Ali in his bedroom in the Transvaal, where as a teen-ager he studied to be a dental technician before deciding to make a career as a heavyweight boxer. He greatly advanced that career last Sunday night in Monaco by knocking out Leon Spinks in the first round of their scheduled 12-round bout. In that brief transaction, Coetzee floored Spinks three times, thus sending everyone back to the *chemin de fer* tables where they could do some losing themselves. For Spinks, the raw brawler who had stripped Ali of the championship in a 15-round decision in February of last year only to surrender it back to Coetzee's idol last September, it was only the second loss of his 10-fight pro career, but it was a most calamitous one. In the nine months since Spinks' muddled and spiritless defense had cost him his title, a new Spinks supposedly had been born. The 1979 model may be nothing more than the old Leon with his hat off. New Leon trains under the hard eye of an ex-cop named Henry Grooms. Grooms has only recently been added to the entourage of the former *continued*



Coetzee put oom pah in prefight festivities



Spinks hit a high note with a small piccoloist



Spinks, who lasted 30 rounds with Ali but less then one with Coetzee, falls for the final time



Coetzee and John Tate clasp hands, they may meet in a title bout staged by promoter Arum

champion, which like geologic plates, is massive and tends to shift under stress.

Ostensibly, Grooms' job is to keep Leon out of automobiles, his frequent downfall, and teach him a reasonable facsimile of discipline and etiquette. Like where and when not to wear his sensational hats (inside as opposed to outside, for example) and when to plug in the earphones of his megawatt portable stereo, thus reducing the danger that restaurant patrons could be blasted out of their seats on his arrival.

Evidences of Spinks' conversion, if not the talk of Monte Carlo and the Riviera last week, were at least a frequent topic. Leon arrived at the appointed places hatless, or hat in hand. He often arrived plugged in, a remote captive of his music. But always he arrived late. In matters of time, New Leon is still a confirmed procrastinator.

In the days preceding the fight Spinks seemed always to be somewhere behind Coetzee, an unbeaten but somewhat suspect fighter who had won 21 straight bouts—none, it was invariably noted, outside his homeland. However a less publicized statistic is that he also is the veteran of 192 amateur bouts, having won 180 of them by knockouts. Always Coetzee showed up promptly at press conferences and public functions. Outside a boxing ring, he is a gentle man, a white man liked by his black countrymen. Blacks have spoken out on his behalf in the *Transvaal Post* because he has "denounced racialism." Always Coetzee was there wherever and whenever promised; always Spinks kept the crowds waiting and fight promoter Bob Arum, the shrewd New York lawyer who rules that half of the boxing world not under Don King's suzerainty, shifting his feet and muttering under his breath.

And sure enough, on fight night there was Coetzee, first again. As far as anyone could tell, New Leon never arrived. By the time his buzzing brain came around to identifying what hit him (to wit, the 24-year-old Coetzee's right hand), the ex-champion was walking back to his dressing room alone, fighting back tears, leaving his entourage shocked and confused.

Meanwhile, Coetzee's backers, nearly as numerous as Spinks', were whooping it up with a purpose. Not only had their hero destroyed Spinks, but also, as a consequence, it seems sure Coetzee's next fight will be against John Tate for the WBA title that the 37-year-old Ali is expected to vacate. Coetzee thus would never meet his idol in the ring, but he has at least had that pleasure outside it. He made a pilgrimage to the U.S. to see Ali last year. Coetzee recalls that he "got goose-flesh" when they met, and that Ali "made me take off my shirt for a picture. He asked me to throw a left jab. He said it was good, but Rina, my wife, could do better."

Three days before the fight with Spinks, Coetzee sat with Rina in a hotel lobby in San Remo. He had just upstaged Spinks again while making an appearance with the mayor and a boys' band; Spinks showed up as everybody was leaving. Softly, almost wistfully, Coetzee said that it scared him, but "right now I do not think I can be beaten." He tapped his forehead with the forefinger of his right hand, the hand he had broken so many times that he almost called it quits a year ago. An operation fusing the carpals to the me-

continued

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tacarpals saved his boxing career. "I have seen some things that he does." Coetzee said. "I think I can take advantage of them."

What Coetzee had seen—in films, and on television—was that Spinks could be made to lower his left hand and thus open himself to a right lead. Coetzee planned to make him do this by attacking him under the rib cage, where the 6′ 1½″, 198½-pound Spinks appears almost frail.

As it turned out, Coetzee, who stands 6′ 3″ and weighed in at 221¾, did not have to do any attacking. Spinks came at him "like a bull," Coetzee said afterward. The determined suddenness of the Spinks' assault drew gasps from the tiny crowd (2,000-plus) gathered in an arena that had been hastily thrown together in a parking lot, as well as from Spinks' corner, which had instructed him to feel Coetzee out for a couple of rounds.

Coetzee withstood Spinks' repeated charges, one of which practically propelled the South African through the ropes and onto the apron. When the fighters were disentangled, Coetzee made one sweeping pass at Spinks' ribs. It missed. But Spinks got the message. After that, Coetzee didn't have to send any more, or set up anything, although a telling right after a break was a postscript signalling that Coetzee meant business. Spinks never raised his left much above his waist again. In the two minutes the fight lasted two facts were established: 1) Coetzee proved handsomely that although his hand speed doesn't approach that of Ali, he is not just another boring, lumbering white hope, and 2) the surgeon who operated on his right hand was a helluva career-fixer.

Coetzee's righthands came in breathtaking succession. They were economical deliveries, unerringly to the point, arcing tightly over Spinks' lowered left. The first caught Spinks behind the left ear. It turned him terribly slack and he hit the deck. Spinks was up at the count of eight, but clearly something had been taken out of him. The Coetzee rights that followed were undisguised save for a single diversionary left. Cumulatively, those rapid-fire punches put Spinks down twice more. Later, after the three-knockdown rule had been invoked to stop the fight, Spinks would only remember the first one. "But I was beat, man, you understand that?" New Leon said, rejecting commiseration. "I got *beat*."

Coetzee said he was "grateful" that Spinks gave him this chance, and that it had allowed him to prove that he had deserved an opportunity to fight for an Olympic gold medal. He did not get that chance in Montreal "because of politics."

Suddenly, with that statement, Coetzee found himself in potential trouble for the first time during his Monte Carlo stay. He headed off reporters by quickly adding, "But I am too young to discuss politics." He also said he was "very surprised" that victory had come so easily. Rina, the one with the superior left jab, said she was surprised, too. "I thought Gerrie would knock him out in the sixth," she said. **END**



MIKE MARSHALL, THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST

by RON FIMRITE

Recovered from injuries that forced him to retire, Minnesota's studious—and newly sociable—Mike Marshall is once again baseball's top troubleshooter

The latest word out of the Twin Cities is that Mike Marshall, once the brooding intellectual of the bullpen, has undergone a dramatic personality transformation, has cast off, as it were, his mantle of Kierkegaardian gloom and donned the motley of a candidate for local office in Rotary International. Indeed, a scene in the Minnesota Twins clubhouse following a game with Kansas City last month in which Marshall, brought in to protect a 3–2 Twins lead in the seventh inning, had given up the tying run in the eighth and the winning run in the ninth, would suggest that reports of this astonishing metamorphosis are not unfounded.

Marshall stood before his locker sipping from a large cup of milk as members of the press encircled him. Where, he was asked, had he gone wrong? "I deserved what I got," he said matter-of-factly. "I underestimated a major league baseball player." He made reference here to Royal Outfielder Willie Wilson, whose leadoff triple in the ninth had led to Marshall's undoing. "I threw him a fastball down the middle," Marshall continued, warming to the unpleasant subject. "It was as if I said, 'Here, hit it,' and he did." Marshall smiled. Now that he is showing it more often, it can be seen that he has an engaging smile that shines brightly beneath the ribbon of hair—sideburns curving into mustache—that bisects his round face. He elaborated on his own folly: "I got him out too easily the first time [Wilson had struck out on three pitches in the seventh], and I didn't learn anything from him. Now I know he is a bona fide major league hitter who will make a few people in this league respect him."

The reporters moved away from him, apparently satisfied with this analysis from the busiest and brainiest relief pitcher in baseball. Marshall's face took on a look of alarm. "Is that all?" he inquired anxiously. "Where's the innuendo? Where's the double-edged question that can get me either way?" Then he laughed.

So it was all there: civility, humility, a generous tribute to an opponent, a sense of irony and, finally and most conclusively, humor. A man who in the not-too-distant past had greeted his interrogators with, at best, a stony silence or, at worst, a diatribe on their myriad inadequacies had appeared before them this time as an urbane and self-effacing wit.

Two men Marshall respects highly, Twins Manager Gene Mauch and Michigan State University physical education Professor William Heusner, have also observed a change in the Marshall manner.

"A different person? Yes, I think so," said Mauch one sunny afternoon as he hit grounders to his infielders. "He's not quite as angry a man. He fought his way through all those years in the minor leagues, and he fought to establish himself in the big leagues. He fought with his teeth clenched and with all the combativeness within him. All of this, in his mind, necessitated being uncooperative. He thought he'd been rushed around a lot early in his career, so he was just—what's the word?—a little strident. I think I understand the man. That

continued


Twins

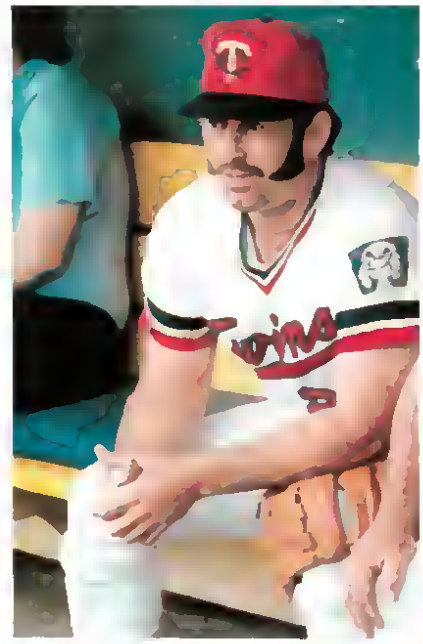
doesn't mean I can read his mind, but I think I understand him."

"Mike is like a bulldog in many ways," said Heusner from his office in Michigan State's department of health, physical education and recreation. "He grabs and hangs on to things ... sometimes too long. He can be harsh on people—students, the press, even friends—and he is quick to think people are against him. It is an uncompromising approach, one he developed as he went on. But look at it this way: he's out there on the mound attempting to effectively destroy an opposing team. You have to have a pretty strong ego to do that. But in Mike these feelings have peaked, and now he is arriving at a more equitable approach. He is mellowing."

At 36, Marshall has reason to mellow. After years of struggle and wandering, he has security in the form of a four-year contract worth an estimated $1.2 million, the most lucrative ever signed by an employee of the renownedly impecunious Calvin Griffith. A part-time student at Michigan State for 18 years, he now has a doctorate in exercise physiology and the prospect of a post-baseball career as a college professor. He is playing for the only manager he says could have coaxed him into returning to baseball—Mauch. He is fully recovered from a back injury that had plagued him since he was 11 years old and that threatened to terminate his career until it was corrected by disk surgery two years ago. He is having another brilliant season—one that, barring misfortune, projects to about 100 appearances and nearly 40 saves, awesome figures that only Marshall has regularly approached. And he, his wife Nancy, whom he married when he was 20, and daughters Deborah, 15, Becky, 14, and Kerry Jo, 11, will move next month into a house on Minnesota's Lake Minnetonka, there to "sail and swim, that sort of thing." Marshall, the devoted family man, has been obliged to live apart from his "four women" for much of his 18 years in professional baseball. Now, with the doctorate achieved and with the secure knowledge that he will finish his career in Minnesota, he will move his women from East Lansing, Mich. to the new home. This alone has done much for his peace of mind.

"They've paid a high price," Marshall says of his family. "I want to diminish the cost now. The Lord knew I needed a lot of loving, so he gave me three daughters."

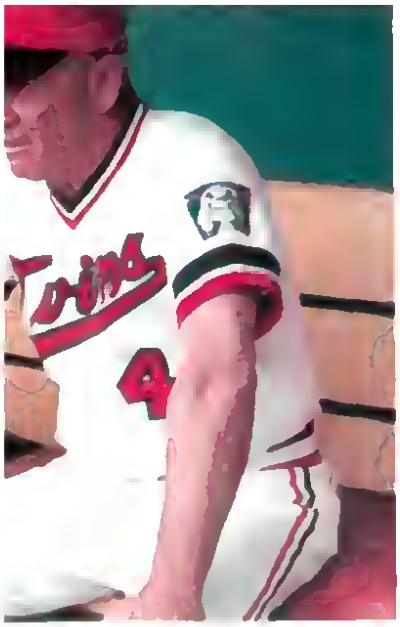
Marshall listens politely to those who describe his conversion from Mr. Hyde to Dr. Jekyll. Then, his voice taking on some of the old edge, he replies, "The only thing that's changed about me is that I can sit here talking like this without feeling pain. People mistook my physical discomfort for impatience. I will still tell somebody if a question is inappropriate or aimed at ridicule, and I still reserve the right to conclude an interview in order to get a job done." And, because he thinks youngsters should have better heroes than ballplayers, he still refuses to sign autographs. He also remains an implacable foe of those he thinks have done him wrong, most prominently his former team, the Los Angeles Dodgers, and the physical education and intramural administrators at Michigan State. Marshall tends to hold a grudge, and his antagonism toward the Dodgers and his alma mater's athletic officials has been exacerbated by the fact that for the first time in many years he is having trouble finding new enemies. In the meantime, the old ones will have to do.



Marshall insists Manager Mauch is the only man

Marshall does, however, remain an anomalous character in the tightly structured society of professional baseball. He is a serious man among clubhouse cutups, a scholar among non-readers, a family man among road-trip rakehells. In the





who could have coaxed him out of retirement

groves of academe, where he has spent half of his adult life, Marshall is not extraordinary; on the ball diamond, where he has spent the other half, he is a flaming eccentric.

Baseball has always had trouble absorbing the highly educated men, few though they may have been, who have entered its ranks. It was not that long ago that any player, illiterate or otherwise, who wore glasses was likely to be called "Perfessor." In a game where nicknames are derived almost exclusively from physical characteristics ("No Neck Williams") or even from handicaps ("Dummy Taylor"), quirks of the intellect go unobserved. You will not find any "Double Negative Andersons" or "Malaprop Ozarks" on the premises. Bobby Brown, who doubled as a medical student while playing for the Yankees, became in baseball's lore a sort of straight man for Yogi Berra. Moe Berg, the linguist, polymath and, as it developed, American spy during World War II, was considered positively extraterrestrial. These thinkers do not even fit into the one classification—"flakes"—baseball reserves for the slightly different. Call Mike Marshall a flake and he will respond with a chemical analysis of snowflakes or even cornflakes. He abhors ethnic jokes and detests—in fact, fears—ridicule of any sort. Alas, the Marshalls of baseball are destined to be regarded with awe or secret laughter by some of their confreres and resented by others, who will search for chinks in their intellectual armor. An ivory tower is a safer place for a scholar than the clubhouse.

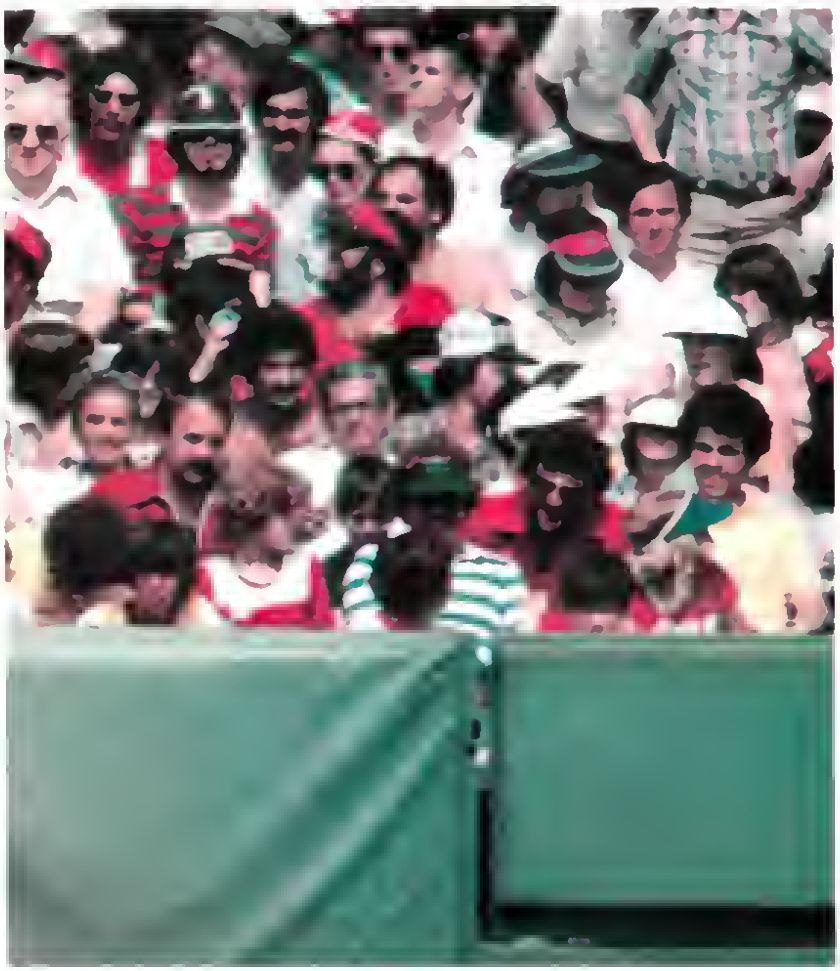
But even in the real world, Marshall might be considered a bit unusual, because he is a mass of contradictions. He does not, for example, consider playing baseball to be an important or particularly useful occupation, and he is appalled by those who take the game seriously. "I'd like to have people come out here to the ball park, see us play and go home and forget about it," he says.

Yet no one takes the playing of this frivolous game more seriously than he. The man who wishes fans would forget about what they've seen studies the hitters he must face as if they were textbooks. No one keeps more complete records of his opponents. He prides himself on being a master craftsman, and yet the ultimate test of that craftsmanship—winning and losing—is, he says, irrelevant.

"I love the individual challenge involved," he says of pitching baseballs. "People often misunderstand me when I say I love the hitters I pitch to. But I do. I love them to challenge me and then, win or lose, I can say, 'Hey, we had a little fun out there.' The winning is not important. The quality of competition is. Each game is a new experience. I play bridge and chess. In bridge I might not get any cards all night, but I'll still sit back there and enjoy it. Chess, the same way. You can beat my brains out, but I'll enjoy the game. If you do your best, that's all that matters. People who live or die with winning and losing will die more often than they'll live, and they'll end up dead anyway."

It is generally conceded that no one knows more about the mechanics of pitching than Marshall. He has taken what he has learned in the college laboratory and put it to use on the mound. It is his knowledge of his own body, its strengths and limitations, that allows him to pitch in as many as 100 games a season. Already this year he has appeared in 41 of the Twins' first 65 games and has 16 saves, eight wins and a 2.22 ERA. He would have it no other way, because

continued



In the age-old manner of the fireman, Marshall responds to an alarm by racing to the scene

he considers himself most effective when pitching four or five times a week. Marshall reveals his pitching secrets grudgingly and then only to those willing to take the necessary time to learn properly. Andy Messersmith, who attended the University of California at Berkeley, was one such willing student when he and Marshall pitched for the Dodgers.

"He gave me information I couldn't pay to get," says Messersmith, who is struggling to make it back with the Dodgers after trying times with the Braves and the Yankees. "I wouldn't have been able to come back [from two years of arm and shoulder injuries in Atlanta and New York] if he hadn't told me some things about the body. A sore arm can be pretty scary if you don't know what's under that skin. But if you want Mike to describe something for you, you just don't go up and say, 'Hey, Buddy, tell me what you know.' He doesn't just donate his time to every Tom, Dick and Harry. He's a unique and complex individual. There is no one like him in this game. I'll tell you. He's smallish and rotund, but I haven't seen anything athletic he can't do if he puts his mind to it. I've never known Mike to go into anything, even Frisbee throwing, without some thought about the muscles involved. He loves to teach. He wants to make baseball as academic a subject as possible. I spent three weeks with him at Michigan State a few years ago, and I learned more about the body in that time than I had in 30 years. I can recall one piece of advice he gave me that I've never forgotten: Challenge yourself, not the hitter."

"I think that Mike has improved his pitching ability enormously as the result of his studies," says Professor Heusner. "He has taken relatively modest physical attributes and become a magnificent athlete."



Professor Heusner of Michigan State says of Marshall: I wish all of our students were so diligent.

William Schmidt, a Michigan State professor in educational psychology and applied statistics, worked with Marshall in developing, through statistical data, the theoretically ideal sequence of pitches to throw to various types of hitters. "We've fantasized about eventually having a computer in the dugout," Schmidt says. "From the statistical point of view, Mike's work here is unique, certainly not run-of-the-mill."

Short for a pitcher at 5'10" and a barrel-chested—he is not really rotund—180 pounds or so, Marshall does not overpower hitters. But he has a live fastball and, to go with it, a slider, a "let-up sinker" and one of the most devastating screwballs in the game. It is a pitch Marshall began tinkering with in the late 1960s, inspired by a course in kinesiology (the study of body movement) he took from Heusner and, perhaps more practically, by his desperate need to find an effective pitch against lefthanded hitters. He could not use it "significantly," he says, until late in the 1971 season, his first full year in the big leagues. Today, the screwgie is his most feared pitch.

"Would you mind throwing a few of those things for us," Clint Hurdle, who was then with the Royals, called out to Marshall from the cage during batting practice before a recent game. "I want you to show me how you do it."

"You just turn your arm over like this," said Marshall, twisting his right arm away from his body instead of toward it, as he would in delivering a curve.

"Can't do it," said Hurdle. "I don't have hinges on my arm."

Neither does Marshall, but his knowledge of muscle control allows him to throw the screwball effortlessly. Red Adams, his former pitching coach with the Dodgers, has said that Marshall is so well versed in body mechanics he can isolate individual muscles in his weight workouts. With the screwball, Marshall is as effective against lefthanded hitters as right, an attribute he insists should dictate the way he is used.

"The major contribution I can make," he says, "is to pitch frequently, a couple of innings at a time. The way I work, you don't simply use me to pitch out of jams or to pitch to righthanded batters. You use me in the eighth or ninth innings when you want to give your starter a rest. I can come in and pitch two, three innings and finish off a game four or five times a week. My type of pitch saves a starter from having to go all that long all the time. That helps keep him sharp."

Mauch agrees that the variety of Marshall's pitches separates him from the run of relief pitchers. "A Rich Gossage goes out there and just pounds at you. A Sparky Lyle slides it at you. A Bruce Sutter forkballs you to death. Jim Kern used to be just a fastballer, but now he's developed more than one way. Well, there are days when Mike is quick, very quick. There are other days when his screwball is unhittable, absolutely unhittable. And there are days when his slider is exceptional. On days when he has only one pitch, he might have a problem. When

continued



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he has two, it's easy. When he has all three, it's a joke. When I bring him in, we'll discuss what we're featuring this day. Then we'll go accordingly with the positioning of our fielders. He'll pretty much handle the shortstop and the second baseman, and we have a general alignment that the other fielders will follow. I'll tell you, nobody has ever done the things Mike has done. No relief pitcher has pitched that many games. I'd say there are no limitations on how I'll use him. I wouldn't hesitate to use him in any spot, not just how he says he should be used. Ideally, of course, no relief pitcher wants to be brought in with the bases loaded and the count three and two on the hitter. They all like a little room."

Mauch is convinced that, applied kinesiology aside, the reason Marshall can pitch as frequently as he does is because he was a shortstop during the early years of his professional baseball career, and "an infielder has to get his arm up to maximum velocity every day." Marshall played shortstop from 1961 through 1964 at such waystations as Dothan, Ala. (Alabama-Florida League), Bakersfield (California League), Twin Falls, Idaho (Pioneer League) and Chattanooga (Southern League). He hit .304 in 107 games for Twin Falls and .275 in 133 games for Chattanooga, but his aching back eventually forced him to abandon daily labor for piecework in the bullpen. It should also be observed that he led three of those four leagues in errors, committing 68 in 134 games for Bakersfield in 1962 for a woeful fielding average of .896.

The back was injured 25 years ago when the car the 11-year-old Marshall and his uncle were riding in was struck by a train at an unmarked crossing near their home in Adrian, Mich. The accident, in which his uncle was killed, left Marshall injured, seemingly for life, and traumatized by the loss of a close relative. Quite possibly it also left him with the residual suspicion that somebody is out to get him, because life itself can be something of an unmarked crossing. On the positive side, the accident left him with the courage and determination to withstand pain. He became a star in baseball, football and basketball at Adrian High School, and, upon graduating, was offered a baseball scholarship to Michigan State. At the same time, the Phillies offered him a modest bonus to sign with them.

Marshall claims that the university reduced its scholarship offer to half the sum originally promised. The final offer, he concluded, was insufficient to put him through school, so he went with the Phillies, intending to use his baseball earnings to support his education. He enrolled at Michigan State, anyway, in 1960, although his new professional status made him ineligible to participate in intercollegiate sports. Marshall's position was that the school had reneged on its scholarship proposal; the university's was that Marshall had reneged on his letter of intent to compete for its baseball team. From that moment on, in Marshall's opinion, he and the athletic establishment at Michigan State were at war.

Almost simultaneously, Marshall began an arduous trek through the thickets of academe and organized baseball. Attending classes only in the fall and winter, he earned his bachelor's degree in physical education in 1965, his master's in '67 and, with one year off for winter ball, his doctorate in the spring of 1978. His climb to the major leagues, including various occasions on which his contract was sold or traded, was equally prolonged. For the first 10 years of his professional career, says Marshall, he earned an average annual wage of only $6,000. And he was perpetually on the move. In 1970 alone, he recalls, he went from spring training in Cocoa, Fla., to Oklahoma City, Houston, Winnipeg, Montreal and then back to East Lansing for school. "I don't know how my wife put up with it," he says apologetically. In that year, a decade after he signed his first contract, he settled, at age 27, in the big leagues for good. His manager at Montreal that first season was Mauch, a baseball fundamentalist who, nevertheless, tolerates individuality. Mauch did not interfere with Marshall's training regimen, and he did not regard the screwball as an aberration, as some of Marshall's previous employers had.

The next year Marshall pitched in 92 games for Mauch and had an earned run average of 2.66, while saving 31 games and winning 14. It was perhaps the finest performance until that time by a relief pitcher. He would do even better in 1974 with a different team. In December of '73, the Expos traded their star reliever to the Dodgers for Willie Davis in the mistaken assumption that the speedy outfielder was all that was required to convert a fourth-place team into a contender. The Expos finished fourth again in '74; the Dodgers, with Marshall, won the pennant.

That year Marshall set records for appearances (106), games finished (83), innings pitched in relief (208⅓) and consecutive appearances (13). He won 15 games and saved 21 others. His earned run average was 2.42. He appeared in all five of the World Series games that year, holding the world champion A's to one run in nine innings. He became the first relief pitcher ever to win the Cy Young Award. No reliever before or since has approached these stunning statistics, although Marshall himself appears to be bearing down on them this year. In 1974 Marshall was at the very top of his game. He was also miserably unhappy.

"That entire year was not a joy for me," he says. His displeasure was soon apparent, and he quickly developed a reputation as the game's resident curmudgeon. On the most public-relations-oriented team in any sport, on a team where dissension—until last year's Garvey-Sutton contretemps—had been kept undercover, on a team where a smile is always an umbrella, Marshall greeted the public and the press with all of the bonhomie of the Ayatollah Khomeini. Marshall concedes that conditions were just right for a banner season. The Dodgers could score runs, their starting pitchers usually required help in the late innings, and the weather at Dodger Stadium was ideal for a pitcher. He will say today with a straight face that he should have had a better year. The Dodger fielders, he says, regarded his suggestions on where they should play the hitters as gross impertinence. The responsibility, he says, should not have been his in the first place, but Manager Walter Alston's. For all of their hail-fellow facade, says Marshall, the Dodgers were a team divided into cliques, none of which he was invited to join. The Los Angeles press was mocking and negative, and if there is anything that discombobulates the sobersided Marshall, it is the thought that someone somewhere might be laughing at him. Even Vin Scully, the sainted broadcaster, "laughed at, not with, people," in Marshall's sour opinion. Finally, the culture shock of Tinseltown was more than his Midwestern soul could bear.

"We didn't enjoy the life-style," Marshall says, understating the case. "In Michigan the country is only five miles

continued

away. There are picnic areas where you can have family outings. In Los Angeles, you go to Disneyland. That's make-believe. A day in the country is spent at a plastic mountain with cartoon animals. I believe in relatives and friends. I enjoy being with people and talking about real things."

Informed of Marshall's disapproval of them, the Dodgers seemed more amused than affronted. "If he was that unhappy, it must have agreed with him," says Fred Claire, the team's chief image-maker as vice-president for public relations and promotions. "That was the only year he won the Cy Young." "It makes me wonder why a man so successful would make comments on a situation in the past that was by and large a good time," says First Baseman Steve Garvey, the quintessential Dodger and a former student of Marshall's at Michigan State. "He's a very interesting person. He was a tough guy to play behind," says Bill Russell, who, as the shortstop then and now, was most affected by Marshall's criticism of the Dodger defense. "He never made a bad pitch, according to him. And according to him, we were always out of position. He had a variety of pitches and he'd throw them in situations another pitcher wouldn't. We couldn't figure him out. Mike was just a different person. He wouldn't allow smokers on the same bus with him, and he always wanted a water bed in hotels. We were pretty loosey-goosey. We did a lot of joking. He took it as if we meant it all. We were just doing it to stay loose. We'd say things we thought were funny and he wouldn't laugh. He'd say things he thought were funny and we wouldn't laugh. But overall, he's a super guy, a great competitor. Without him, we wouldn't have been in the World Series that year."

Marshall's career took an emphatic turn for the worse after 1974. He suffered an injury to his left rib cage the following year and was waived to the downtrodden Braves midway through the '76 season. In 1977, following knee surgery that winter, he moved to the Texas Rangers but lasted only half a season, pained by his chronically bad back. Late that year he underwent disk surgery, after which he decided that his playing days were over. Although the back held up in campus workouts and in touch football games, he had no intention of returning to baseball. "I had had an excellent major league career and I had made enough money to make my family worry-free," he says. "There was no chance of my coming back." Then on May 10, 1978, Mauch called and asked him to work out. On May 15, he was back in uniform "because I can't say no to Gene Mauch." In his first seven days as a Twin, he picked up four saves. Playing only three-quarters of a season, he appeared in 54 games, won 10, saved 21 and had an ERA of 2.45. It was an amazing comeback, particularly for a man who had abandoned the game.

And yet baseball remains essentially a second career. In the course of his work at Michigan State, Marshall has developed a physical education program for elementary school children that he hopes someday will resolve the age-old problem of how to involve every youngster, whatever his or her skills, in some physical activity. "Physical education departments do a negligible job today," Marshall says. "What you usually see is three or four kids dominating all play while the rest stand around. We have worked out a procedure for teaching each kid at his own level within a group structure. It's just like teaching math. You don't work with A-squared, B-squared until you teach one plus one. I have little interest in coaching. I realize now that coaching is not where the important work is being done. I want every youngster to enjoy movement. What I need is three or four more years of working with graduate students and teaching kids the basic skills of running, jumping, catching, throwing and so on. I'll spend a lot of time after this season writing letters to various universities. I would like to work at a major university with a medical school, anatomy laboratories and psychology and physiology departments, where all of our disciplines can be intertwined, where we can share our knowledge."

That Marshall should conduct a running battle with the intramural and physical education administrators all during this period of serious academic work represents just another contradiction in his complex nature. Marshall was miffed at first because Michigan State would not permit him to participate in intramural touch football—the sport he loves best, next to baseball—after his freshman year because he was a professional athlete. This issue was finally resolved with a rules change in 1972, when Marshall, of course, was still a student. In the next several years, he quarterbacked his team to two championships and two second-place finishes in the 350-team intramural league. He next ran afoul of the authorities in a conflict over the playing of baseball in a portion of the Michigan State fieldhouse that is also used for tennis. In true *opera bouffe* fashion, this dispute culminated in Marshall's arrest for trespassing. He was acquitted after a five-day trial in February of 1977. He still insists he is a victim of a program of harassment by school authorities, manifested now in the form of parking tickets. Marshall, who has much better things on his mind, fails to see anything amusing about this essentially inconsequential conflict. His unswerving devotion to principle, no matter how small, will not permit it.

Even Professor Heusner, Marshall's friend and trusted counselor, is of the opinion that his protégé has gone a bit far on this issue. "I think he blew the whole thing out of proportion, and I told him so. In a university of some 43,000 people, no department is willing to spend that much effort to get one individual. He challenged the system, of course. But there are two sides to every question, and in this case neither side comes out smelling of roses. I think very highly of Mike. I wish all of our students were so diligent. He is a fine young man with a tremendous future. He is a scholar. But I was unhappy to see his to-do with the intramural department go as far as it did."

Oddly, Marshall seems least contentious when he is in uniform preparing for a game. There his love of pure sport shines through and his blue eyes brighten. Before a recent game, he sat on the dugout bench chuckling as he watched the 53-year-old Mauch take a turn at first base during batting practice. "How can you not enjoy working for a man like that," Marshall said. "Oh, it's a shame that I love this game so. But I'll tell you, it was behind me last spring. If Gene hadn't called, I'd be in a university somewhere now. The man is beautiful. He's the smartest and best manager in baseball. But it's wasted effort trying to explain these things, to explain why some people—my wife, Gene, Bill Heusner—are special. I should say extra special, because everyone is special." Laughing, he shouted out at Mauch, just as an ordinary ballplayer might, "Nice play!" END

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EXTRA TRICKS FOR DUMMIES

Next time you and your bridge partner play two sharks, flatter their egos by suggesting that on every hand you get a little spot—like the ace of spades

by ***EDWIN B. KANTAR***

A friend of mine—call him Walter—thought up the idea. One evening several years ago he and I, along with Billy Eisenberg and Billy's girl Barbara, decided to play a few hands of rubber bridge. By the luck of the draw, I cut Billy. Eisenberg and I play bridge professionally, are frequent partners and, at the moment, are members of the U.S. team that holds the world championship. Walter and Barbara are, well, amateurs.

"We need a spot," Walter announced as we sat down. "A handicap of some sort."

"We'll give you 500 points," I told him.

Walter shook his head. "We can think of something spicier than that," he said. He pointed out that in golf, for instance, there are many intriguing handicaps beyond the standard one of so many strokes per nine or 18 holes. He said that Jimmy Demaret, a three-time Masters champion, used to bet that he could beat any member of his Champion Golf Club in Houston while standing on one leg. If a 90s shooter happened to be playing Tom Watson, he might challenge him to a match without handicap strokes, provided that once every hole he could pick up Watson's ball and throw it—anywhere. An 80s shooter might play Watson without the usual handicap, if he could name the club Watson had to hit on every shot—wedge off the tee, driver in a trap, and so on.

"We will play you even," Walter concluded, "but you and Billy may not mention the word spades during the bidding."

continued

My first thought was that Billy and I could probably convert our four spade contracts into three no trump, both game bids, but on reflection I knew that the world was full of this kind of hand:

You hold:

♠ A K Q 8 7 6
♥ A 4
♦ 9 8
♣ Q 7 6

and you find your partner with:

♠ 10 5 3 2
♥ Q 3 2
♦ 7 3
♣ A K 5 2

Four spades is a lock, but with no stopper in diamonds, three no trump will fail, even against Walter and Barbara. Alas, we were interrupted after only three hands, none of which tested the handicap, but the idea still seemed appealing.

Recently Walter was on a business trip in Los Angeles, where I live, and as we waited for a paddle tennis court to become available at Venice Beach, I told him I had lined up Don Krauss and my girl friend Judy for bridge that night. Krauss, a stockbroker, has played in two world championships.

"If Don and I end up being partners, we might try out that no-spades handicap," I suggested.

"Either that, or Judy and I get the ace of spades on every deal," Walter said.

Now there was a thought. Walter told me that the legendary P. Hal Sims supposedly thought up that one. Sims, who was one of the world's great gamesmen during the '20s and '30s, would play money golf all day with the agreement that the same foursome would get together for bridge that evening. Sims might lose a little on the course, but he would win it back at the bridge table. As a handicap, he would give an opponent the ace of spades and then deal the other 51 cards. It was not as much help as you might think. Sure, the opponent held the ace—but Sims *knew* he held it and could bid and play accordingly.

"O.K., we can try that, too," I said. The courts were still filled. Walter reached into his running bag and produced a pen and pad. "Handicap No. 1: no spade bids by stronger pair," he wrote. "No. 2: weaker pair gets the ace of spades on every deal." Over the next 15 minutes or so we came up with six more handicaps, some sensible, some really far out. For the record, here they are:

3. THE BETTER PLAYERS ARE ALLOWED ONLY ONE BID EACH, NOT INCLUDING PASS OR DOUBLE.

The better pair will miss a lot of good contracts and get into some bad ones. When one of the pair opens the bidding, his partner must simply take a shot at what the contract should be. Come to think of it, the way some of my partners bid, that might work out for the best.

4. WHENEVER ONE OF THE BETTER PAIR DEALS, HE MUST BID ONE CLUB, REGARDLESS OF HIS HAND.

Because the opening bid is the most important in bridge, having to open one club with zero points, 10 points or 25 points is remarkably disruptive. Assuming a sneaky pass by the player in the second seat, the responder is totally in the dark. Say he's looking at 10 points. If his partner has 17, game is somewhere. If his partner has four points and they are vulnerable, even a contract of one heart may be down three.

5. PLAYING NO TRUMP, THE WEAKER PLAYERS CAN NAME ONE SUIT THEY DON'T WANT LED.

At three no trump, if you think you have nine quick tricks but are missing a stopper, this handicap makes the contract a cinch. In more complicated hands, avoiding a certain opening lead will still be a help, but it will also indicate to the opponents which suit to attack when they regain the lead. But being superior players, they would probably know this anyhow. A good tactic might be to forbid a lead in a suit in which you are fairly strong, in hopes of confusing the opponents for the rest of the hand.

6. EACH WEAKER PLAYER IS DEALT 14 CARDS, EACH BETTER ONE GETS 12. A LESSER PLAYER GIVES ONE CARD TO THE OPPONENT AT HIS RIGHT.

This is simple enough. Worthless doubletons can become singletons, singletons voids. Plus you know one of an opponent's 13 cards.

7. BEFORE BIDDING, THE LESSER PLAYERS MAY EXCHANGE THREE CARDS WITH ONE ANOTHER.

Now you can eliminate a worthless tripleton, although there is no guarantee you won't get it right back. Even if that happens, at least you know three of your partner's cards.

8. EACH LESSER PLAYER MAY ASK ONE QUESTION—ANSWERABLE BY YES OR NO—OF HIS PARTNER DURING THE BIDDING OR PLAY.

This could be an overpowering advantage and, if the difference in skill between the two pairs is not great, could be limited to one question for the pair. After a partner's Blackwood response of five diamonds—which indicates he holds one ace—the potential declarer could, if uncertain, ask if it is the ace of hearts. Or, missing a vital queen, he could simply ask his partner if he had it. A Machiavellian sort might ask his partner if he held a card that he himself held. After the inevitable "no," each defender would now assume his partner held that card.

We became so fascinated with our project that when we gathered that evening for the game, we dispensed with the cut for partners and agreed to play for small stakes. (Judy can afford to play for any stake because she never pays off.) I played with Don, Walter with Judy. We tested each handicap four times, a whopping 32 hands that took us into the wee hours and had us reeling. During that time, as you well might imagine, a number of intriguing situations developed. Here are my favorite five:

The first disaster that struck Donald and me was when the opponents were able to exchange three cards. This was the original deal:

Neither side vulnerable
Dealer North

NORTH (*Judy*)
♠ A K 8 7 6
♥ 5 4 3
♦ A J
♣ 3 10 9

WEST (*Don*)
♠ 5 3 2
♥ J 7 2
♦ 5 4
♣ A K Q 6 5

EAST (*me*)
♠ Q 10 9
♥ 10 6
♦ 10 9 8 7 3 2
♣ 8 2

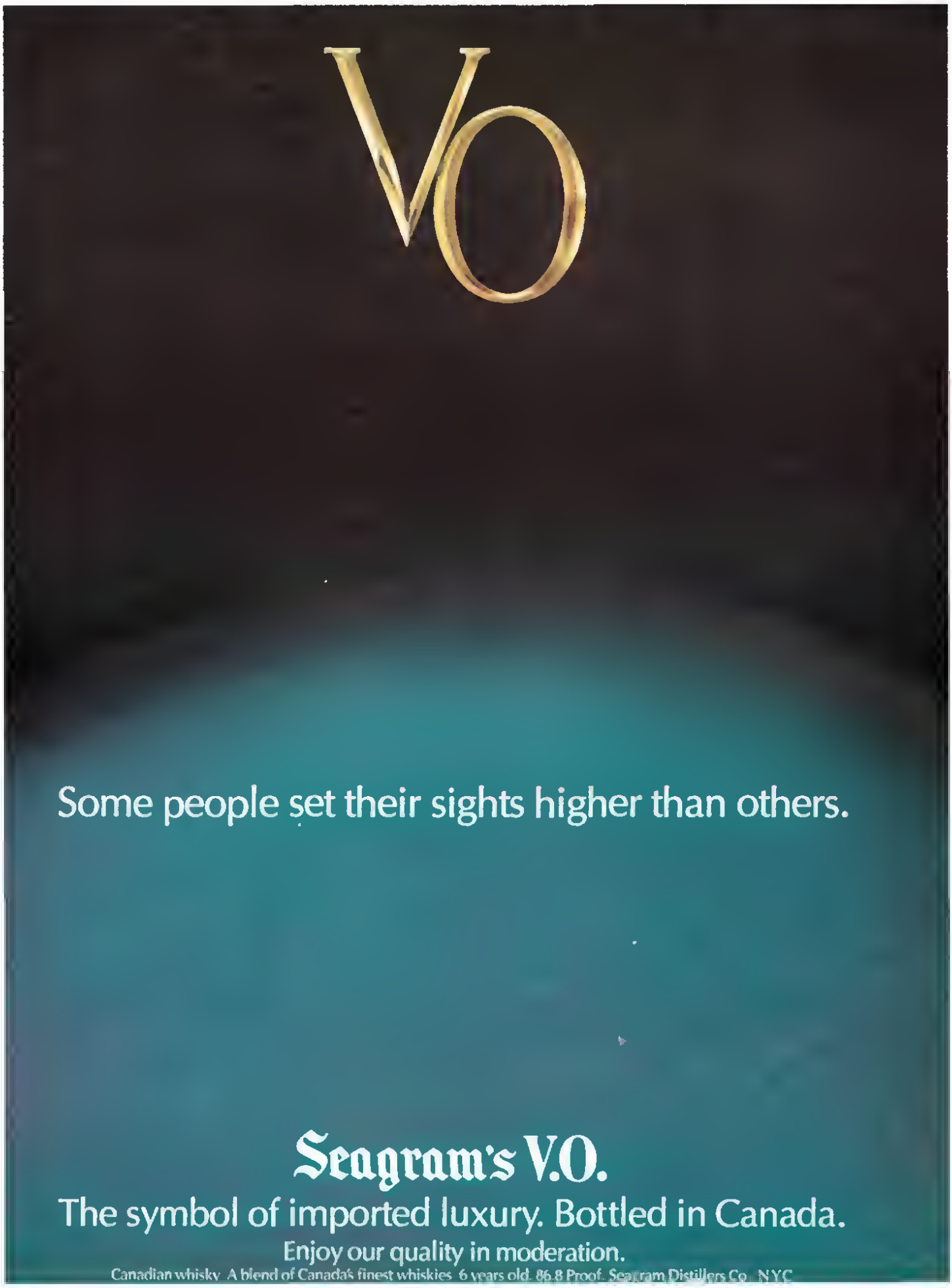
SOUTH (*Walter*)
♠ J 4
♥ A K Q 9 8
♦ K Q 6
♣ 7 4 3

Without any exchanges Walter and Judy would almost surely reach four hearts. Walter would open the bidding with one heart, Judy would show her spades whether or not Don overcalled two clubs, Walter would rebid hearts and Judy would raise to game. A textbook sequence.

The defense would be more interesting. Don would begin by cashing his three top clubs, while I would discard the discouraging deuce of diamonds on the third round of the suit. Don would play a fourth club, which I would trump with the 10 of hearts. Walter would overtrump, but that would promote Don's jack of hearts into the setting trick.

But look at what happened after the exchange. Judy unloaded her three little hearts on Walter, and he slipped his three tiny clubs to her. The deal now looked like this:

continued


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	NORTH (*Judy*)	
	♠ A K 8 7 6 ♥ — ♦ A J ♣ J 10 9 7 4 3	
WEST (*Don*) ♠ 5 3 2 ♥ J 9 2 ♦ 5 4 ♣ A K Q 6 5		**EAST** (*me*) ♠ Q 10 9 ♥ 10 6 ♦ 10 9 8 7 3 2 ♣ 8 2
	SOUTH (*Walter*) ♠ J 4 ♥ A K Q 8 7 5 4 3 ♦ K Q 6 ♣ —	

From a hand on which there was no makable game to a hand that is cold for a grand slam in hearts! Of course, they only got to six hearts. The bidding was the epitome of science. Judy opened one club, and Walter responded six hearts. Everyone passed. The opening club lead was ruffed, trumps broke well, and Walter and Judy were all smiles.

On a later hand Judy and Walter were allowed to ask each other one question during the bidding or play.

Both sides vulnerable
Dealer South

	NORTH (*me*) ♠ Q 7 6 5 ♥ Q 8 7 ♦ K Q 3 9 ♣ K 5	
WEST (*Judy*) ♠ J 8 3 2 ♥ A 9 4 2 ♦ 7 4 ♣ Q 7 4		**EAST** (*Walter*) ♠ 10 9 ♥ J 6 5 ♦ A 10 6 5 ♣ A 9 6 3
	SOUTH (*Don*) ♠ A K 4 ♥ K 10 3 ♦ 8 3 2 ♣ J 10 8 2	

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1 ♦	PASS
2NT	PASS	3NT	ALL PASS

I knew I didn't really have a three no trump bid opposite a passed hand, but I always add a point or two for Don's play, I forgot, of course, about the questions.

Judy opened with the deuce of hearts. Don played low from dummy and captured Walter's jack. At trick two he led a diamond to the king which held; at trick three he led the queen of diamonds from dummy which also held, both opponents following quickly. Who had the ace? Would the suit break 3–3? Poor Donald could only ask himself these questions.

Finally he decided to lead a spade to his hand in order to be in position to lead a third diamond toward dummy. Judy had to find a discard. As discarding is not the best part of her game, she decided to risk her question right then and there. "Is it better for me to throw a spade from my three to the jack than a club from my three to the queen?" she asked. Intuitively she must have known to keep her hearts. Either that, or she couldn't get it all into one question.

Because the rules stipulated that Wal-

continued



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ter must answer either "yes" or "no," he gave this one a little thought before he finally said "no." Judy discarded a club.

Not being deaf, Don now had a good reading on the club and spade positions, but Walter also had a good reading on the declarer's hand.

Walter knew that Donald could not win more than eight tricks if it could be arranged that Judy would duck his heart return after he won the diamond trick. He dared not cash another diamond for fear Judy, with no more questions to ask, might discard a heart, putting the hand up for grabs.

Walter returned the six of hearts, at which point he said, "You wouldn't be stupid enough to play the ace of hearts, would you?"

"Of course not." Judy replied, playing the four

Don won the trick with the 10 of hearts, and then attempted a finesse by leading the jack of clubs. Judy, with no more questions to ask, covered. Walter grabbed the king with his ace, played his high diamond and led a heart to Judy's ace. Judy cashed the nine of hearts, and we were down one.

I was not to know what real misery was until a few deals later when, with both sides vulnerable, Don dealt and was forced to open one club, regardless of what he held.

Both sides vulnerable
Dealer North

NORTH (*Don*)
♠ 8 6 5 3 2
♥ 7 4 3
♦ 6 4
♣ K 7 4

WEST (*Walter*)
♠ A 10 9
♥ K J 5
♦ x 2
♣ Q J 10 9 x

EAST (*Judy*)
♠ Q 4
♥ 10 9 8 2
♦ A K J 7
♣ x 3 2

SOUTH (*me*)
♠ K J 7
♥ A Q 6
♦ Q 10 9 5 3
♣ 6 5

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♣	PASS	3 NT	DBL
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Judy shrewdly passed quickly and there I was. Did he have a real bid or not? Well, I thought, if I bid this confidently maybe I won't get doubled. "Three no tru ..." "Double," said Walter with authority.

Walter led the queen of clubs, and Don and I exchanged glances when he put down his lovely hand. "You know we are playing for money," Don reminded me. Thanks, partner, just what I wanted to hear.

I ducked the first club and covered the second. I simply couldn't bear to have Walter underlead his ace of clubs twice and then plunk it down to catch Don's lone high card.

However, as it turned out, Walter wasn't tricking me. Judy won the ace of clubs and returned the suit. Walter quickly cashed out his club winners, forcing me to discard two diamonds and a spade. Judy discarded the four of spades and a very profound seven of diamonds.

Walter immediately returned a diamond to Judy's king. Judy now shifted to the 10 of hearts. Would this ever end? Soon enough, Kantar, soon enough. I tried the queen, which lost to the king, and Walter cleverly exited with the jack of hearts. At last, I'm allowed to win one with my ace. They don't even play this well in the world championships, and we're giving this pair a spot!

I tried exiting with a third heart. No good. Judy won and played a fourth heart in this position:

NORTH (*unable to watch any longer*)
♠ 8 6 5
♥ --
♦ 6
♣ --

WEST
♠ A 10 9
♥ --
♦ --
♣

EAST
♠ Q
♥ 9
♦ A J
♣ --

SOUTH
♠ K J
♥
♦ Q 10
♣ --

In case you don't know it, dear reader, I am now squeezed. If I discard a diamond, both of Judy's diamonds are good and Walter makes his ace of spades for all of the remaining tricks.

If I discard a spade, all of Walter's spades are good. Again no tricks for me. In the end I discarded a spade—not that it mattered. "Nice going, Ed," said Don. "glad to see you didn't lose your ace of hearts."

It took us a while to add this one up. I had just gone for a telephone number—down eight doubled and vulnerable, 2,300 points to be exact. The second biggest set of my life. Wonderful.

And so it went. As Don and I fell further and further behind we both knew we needed some big results. Finally a real monster came my way:

♠ A K Q J 9 8
♥ A K 3
♦ 6
♣ A K

At first glance this looks like an almost certain slam, but on closer inspection you will notice I held only 12 cards. We were now using the handicap in which Judy and Walter were each dealt 14 cards, while Don and I got 12.

"Here's a little something for you," said my former girl friend as she passed me the deuce of diamonds. Swell. Now I had another loser to worry about. God only knows what Walter was passing Don. In any case, I was the dealer and this was the entire hand.

NORTH (*Don*)
♠ 10 6
♥ 8 4
♦ K Q 10 8 3
♣ 10 7 6 4

WEST (*Judy*)
♠ 7 5 4
♥ J 10 5 2
♦ 5
♣ Q 9 5 3 2

EAST (*Walter*)
♠ 3 2
♥ Q 9 7 6
♦ A J 9 7 4
♣ J 8

SOUTH (*me*)
♠ A K Q J 9 8
♥ A K 3
♦ 6 2
♣ A K

I opened with a two-bid, Don eventually showed me his diamond strength and we wound up in six spades.

"My lead," asked Judy sweetly

"Yes," Walter told her.

Out flew the five of diamonds, faster than the speed of sound. Barely waiting for me to play the queen from dummy, Walter produced the ace and another diamond for the inevitable ruff. Down one. Would this evening ever end?

Revenge came on the very last hand of the evening. Of course we were stuck several thousand points and we were not going to win, but by this time hatred and the urge to kill had overcome us both. This was our brightest moment

NORTH (*Judy*)
♠ 7 6 5
♥ Q 6 5
♦ 6 4
♣ Q J 10 9 8

WEST (*me*)
♠ K 4 3 2
♥ 10 8 7 2
♦ J 10 9
♣ A 7

EAST (*Don*)
♠ A J 10 9
♥ J 9 4 3
♦ x
♣ 6 5 4 3

SOUTH (*Walter*)
♠ Q 8
♥ A K
♦ A K Q 7 5 3 2
♣ K 2

This was the one where the declarer could forbid the lead of a suit. Walter opened three no trump, passed around "No spade lead," he said to me with a devilish grin.

So I laid down the ace of clubs and shifted to a small spade. Don won the ace and returned the suit, and we gobbled up four spades and a club to defeat the hand by one trick.

Actually it wasn't that great a victory, and Walter is still kicking himself for not forbidding a diamond lead. You see, he thinks I might have led the ace of clubs and shifted to a diamond! You don't think I'd do that, do you? And if I had, you don't think you'd ever be reading about it, do you? **END**

Answer Update

More answers to your important questions

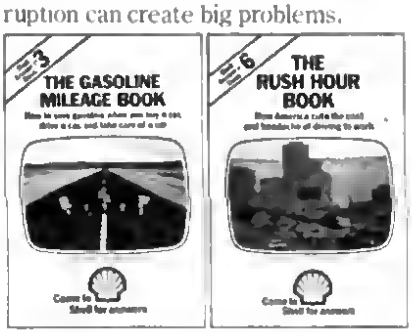
From gasoline shortages to gasoline savings . . .

In Shell's latest Answer Book, The Gasoline Book, we deal with general questions about how to get the most out of gasoline. More specific questions about the current gasoline shortage were reserved for this page.

Q. What's behind the gasoline shortage?

A. The underlying problem is a worldwide shortage of available crude oil, a shortage estimated to be one to two million barrels per day!

About half of the crude the U.S. uses comes from foreign countries, so you can see how a worldwide shortage affects this country. And how an interruption can create big problems.



The Rush Hour Book, The Gasoline Mileage Book, and our current one, The Gasoline Book all provide ways to save gasoline and money.

Q. What caused the worldwide crude shortage?

A. Following the interruption of crude oil production in Iran, worldwide supply was cut back and most exporting countries substantially increased the price of their crude oil. The net result was less oil at a much higher price.

Q. Why is the price of gasoline going up so quickly?

A. Federal regulations control what Shell can charge your dealer as well as what the dealer can charge you. Shell's increased prices to dealers primarily have reflected the rapidly rising cost of crude oil and other components we must purchase.

Dealers were able to raise their pump prices, within Federal regulations, based on their individual costs of doing business. Shell may not and does not interfere with the dealers' right to set prices.

Q. How long will this shortage last?

A. As long as crude oil supplies remain short, the U.S. will continue to have gasoline supply problems. The long-term solution is to increase *domestic* energy supplies, but that takes time. In the meantime, shortages, and lines at gasoline stations, may crop up at different times and in different places as demand rises and falls. Demand is a major factor.

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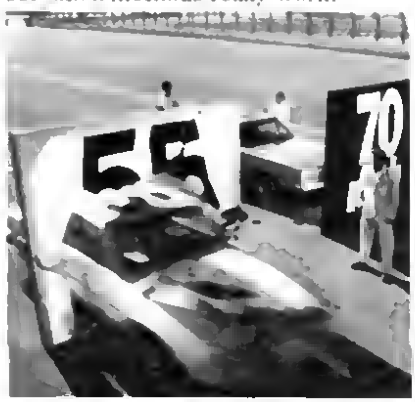
It also meets the President's request of U.S. motorists to reduce gasoline usage.

If every American will reduce consumption by 10 percent, the problem will be lessened. On the other hand, if consumption is *not* reduced, the problem will continue, and may get worse.

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Q. What can I do to reduce my consumption?

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In a test for a television commercial, a car going 55 mph got 25 percent better gasoline mileage than the same kind of car going 70.

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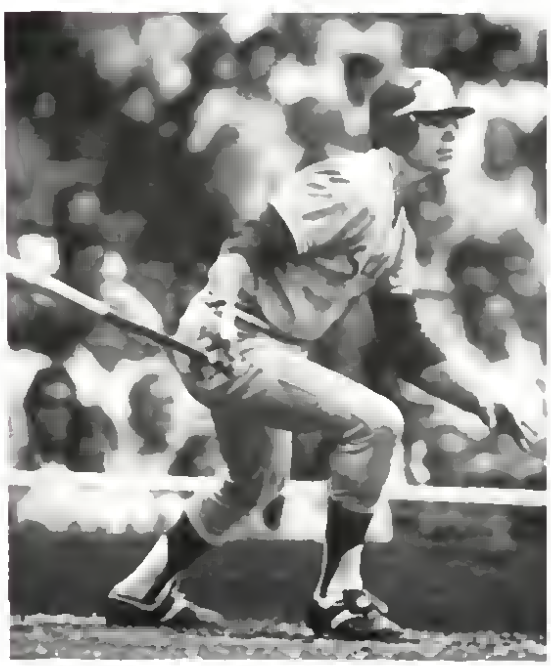
Come to Shell for answers

by William Nack

Bruce is loose and in the swing

After five years in the majors, Seattle's Bruce Bochte, no longer feeling under pressure to produce, is doing just that

Three years ago, before his troubles started and playing baseball became an ordeal, Bruce Bochte was programmed to be the show in Anaheim. At 25, he was the big hitter the California Angels had been waiting for. In almost three seasons in the minors he had never hit under .319, and when the Angels called him up in July 1974 from Triple-A Salt Lake City, he was batting .355. The next year, his first full season in the majors, Bochte had 48 RBIs and led the Angels in hitting with a .285 average, despite missing seven weeks with a fractured thumb. But that, if Dick Williams, then the California manager, perceived it right, was promise only partially fulfilled. He foresaw that Bochte, a strapping 6′ 3″ 200-pounder, was about to accomplish far greater things.



Bochte's hits go all over, his average goes up

"The swing, the desire, the concentration, the ability to consistently get a piece of almost every pitch," Williams said at the time, "makes this kid a natural to win a batting championship."

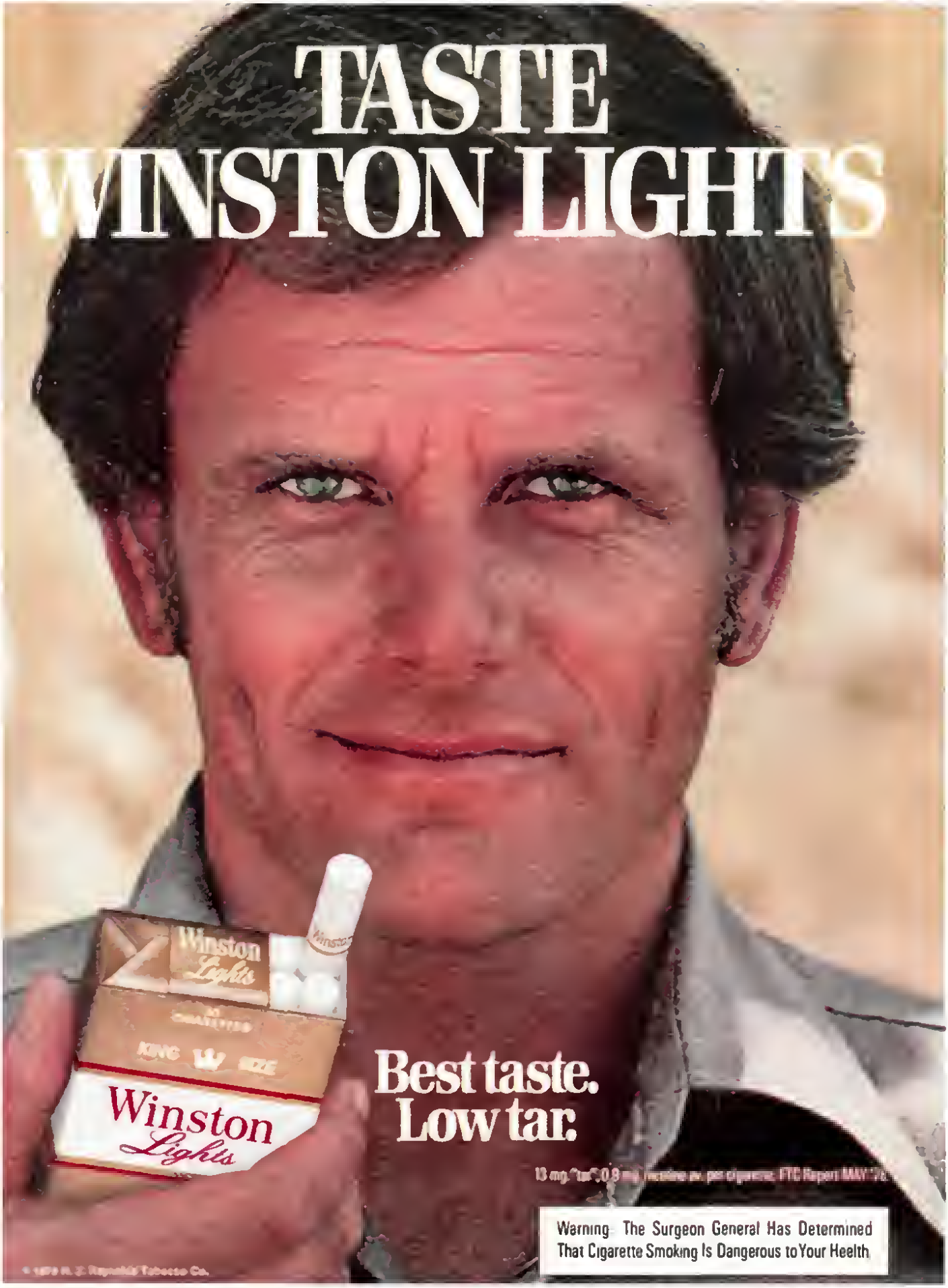
Three years can be an eon in baseball. Williams is in Montreal now, where he is having a fine old time, and Bochte (pronounced BOCK-tee), after a brief side trip to Cleveland, is the first baseman for the Seattle Mariners. There has been no batting title for him, nothing remotely close, but for the first 2½ months of this season he finally has been hitting the ball the way Williams said he could. Through last week, Bochte was the fifth-leading hitter in the American League at .344. Batting third in the Mariner lineup, in front of the ageless power hitter Willie Horton, Bochte was third in the league in runs batted in, with 56, and was leading the Mariners in game-winning RBIs, with nine. "This is the most fun I ever had," he says. "It came from learning how to relax and take things as they come."

The learning process took a while and had its price—in frustration, confusion and disappointment. Bochte began paying it in Anaheim in 1976. If the year began with Williams seeing him as a future batting champ, it ended with Bochte wondering if the Angels would be trading him. "I bombed out," Bochte says. "It's the best example in my career of my putting too much emphasis on stats and performance. I was hitting .320 in the middle of May. By the end of the year I was pressing unbelievably." And hitting in the .250s. The harder he struggled, the deeper he sank. To save himself, he began making the mistake of analyzing his hitting technique too closely. With balls coming toward him at 90 mph, there was Bochte in the batter's box, pondering over the position of his arms, his hands, his feet, his head, his bat, his elbows. "Thinking about all those things you fail to see the baseball," he says. "I was swinging the bat so poorly I was wondering whether I'd ever hit again."

Having finished the '76 season at .258, he went into the winter feeling expendable, especially after California signed Don Baylor, Joe Rudi and Bobby Grich from the first free-agent draft. "It made my position very shaky," Bochte says. He did not sign a 1977 Angels contract, and on May 11, 1977 California traded him and Pitcher Sid Monge to Cleveland for Pitcher Dave LaRoche and a minor-leaguer. Bochte got his stroke back in Cleveland, climbing steadily from a midseason slump to end up batting .301, with 51 RBIs. However, he wanted no permanent part of Cleveland—of the organization, the city or its weather. He didn't sign with the Indians, instead choosing to try the reentry draft. "I didn't want to live in Cleveland," says Bochte, a native of Arcadia, Calif. who attended the University of Santa Clara. "I didn't think the team had any future. After the last game of the season, they told me they wanted me to stay. They said the future of America is in the Midwest, because there is no water in California. They also said there would be no money left for the guys who went into the reentry draft because the teams had given it all away the year before."

Bochte nonetheless decided to try his luck, and the Mariners took him in the third round. For a Southern Californian, drizzling Seattle was no orange grove, but Bochte liked the organization and the city. And the Mariner contract offer was right. While he is only an adequate fielder, a plodder with limited agility and mobility who catches what comes to him, Seattle desperately needed his bat. With one .300 season behind him and no reason not to believe another was on the way, the Mariners signed Bochte for a reported $325,000 over three years. He and

continued


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his wife Linda settled in a two-story cedar house in nearby Woodinville, at the edge of what he describes as a rain forest, and planted their first garden. But it would still be a year before he would begin to reap a big harvest on the diamond.

As the free agent brought in to hit .300, Bochte felt himself under extreme pressure to produce in '78. "I expected to win games singlehandedly," he says. "In the beginning I was the only one hitting the ball. It got to the point that I felt if I didn't get two hits and drive in two runs, we wouldn't win the game. It gets to be mental torture. My attitude let me down. It was the theme of the club last year. We got to a point where we expected to lose. Everyone else expected us to lose, too. Under those conditions, you do things subconsciously to prevent yourself from winning. I was as much a victim of it as anyone."

And Bochte was hampered physically as well as mentally. The fences in the Kingdome are only 316 feet down the foul lines, and Bochte—a spray hitter who gets lots of singles and doubles—started swinging like King Kong, trying to pull the ball while adding a home run hitter's uppercut to his stroke. "That's not his style," Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson says. "He hits to all fields." Moreover, the hard AstroTurf of the Kingdome put additional strains on the chronically weak muscles in Bochte's knees and feet. His mobility was limited even further, and he had to play in pain. No wonder he foundered right along with the rest of the Mariners. He hit .263.

Bochte says that the reason he has sailed through the first third of the '79 season and emerged as one of the league's better hitters is that the game no longer rules him as it used to. It doesn't govern his outlook and shade his moods so strongly. "It has been a gradual thing," Linda Bochte says. "It just evolved over the last couple of years. Bruce is more in control of himself."

That was clearly the case three weeks ago, when Bochte went into a mini-slump (going 5 for 22) before recovering strongly (13 for 32) last week. The drop-off didn't seem to bother Bochte a bit. Nor did it make his batting instructor, Vada Pinson, at all edgy. "He's been playing every game, and there's a tendency to get in and out of the groove when you do that," Pinson says. "He's a natural hitter—opposite field, up the middle, pull if he has to. I've always liked that type of hitter. That real estate out there isn't owned by anybody. You can claim-jump anytime and anywhere you want. There's no reason he shouldn't be a consistent 300 hitter."

Which would suit Bochte just fine. "My perspective as to what I want out of the game has changed from what it was," he says. "Now all I want is to be an above-average run-producing hitter the rest of the year. I want to see this team win 70-plus games. I want to stay healthy. And I want to be in Seattle next year."

THE WEEK

(June 17-23)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST George C. Scott, formerly of the Red Sox, has taken his act to Kansas City (4–3) and is performing with a virtuosity his cinema namesake would applaud. Since joining the Royals on June 13, Scott has had 15 hits in 39 at bats, and last week he augmented his robust batting by displaying some seldom-used talents. During a 13–4 drubbing of the Angels, Scott not only had four hits and drove in two runs but he also laid down a sacrifice bunt and stole a base. Scott did some more gamboling on the base paths during a 9–2 win over the A's, dashing from first to second after a fly ball to center and then zipping all the way home on a subsequent fly to left. All of which helped the Royals climb from fourth place to second.

Despite bumbling around, Texas (4–3) also gained on first-place California. The Rangers played like butchers in a 6–5 loss to the A's. Buddy Bell was tagged out after not touching home plate and Outfielder Johnny Grubb misplayed a line drive into an inside-the-park homer. Otherwise, hot hitting by Oscar Gamble (.682 and nine RBIs) and tight pitching perked up the Rangers. John Henry Johnson, a 22-year-old lefty picked up a week earlier from the A's, struck out 10 Angels in five innings before his left leg tightened. Jim Kern replaced Johnson and locked up the 2–1 win with his 10th save.

Injury-plagued California (2–5) owed both its victories to a pair of ailing players. Nolan Ryan, a doubtful starter almost until game time because of pain in the right calf muscle he had already pulled twice this season, came within five outs of a record fifth no-hitter before Gamble singled in the eighth. Ryan wound up with 10 strikeouts, his 15th career two-hitter and a 5–0 win. Brian Downing, moving from behind the plate to DH because of a sore shoulder, homered in a 5–4 squeaker over the Rangers. Over the last 16 games he has hit .441 and upped his average to .353. Downing, who entered the season with a six-year average of .246, attributes his sudden prowess to a protein powder he takes to "reduce fatigue" and to a backyard batting cage and pitching machine. "I usually take about 150 swings before I come to the park," he said of his at-home workouts. Another key performer in the wins over Texas was Shortstop Bert Campaneris, who was motivated by disparaging comments made about him by Ranger Executive Vice-President Eddie Robinson after Texas traded Campaneris to the Angels on May 4. Campaneris had four hits in seven at bats in the two games, and he tied a team record with three steals in one of them.

Visions of fifth place spurred on Seattle (5–2), which took three of four in Chicago and pulled within three games of the White Sox. For the first time since he was in the minors in 1977, the Mariners' Mike Parrott pitched a complete game, beating Chicago 5–1. Five days later Parrott again went the route to beat Milwaukee 8–3. Before the 24-year-old righthander moved into the rotation on May 15, Seattle was 10–26; since then Parrott has been 6–2 and the Mariners 21–16.

One night Manager Don Kessinger of Chicago (2–5) had difficulty assembling a lineup because so many players—seven, to be exact—were hurt. But Ken Kravec was healthy enough to sidetrack Boston 6–1.

Minnesota (2–4) ended a five-game losing streak with a 5–3 triumph in Chicago, where Ron Jackson drove in three runs. The Twins then beat the White Sox 6–1, getting seven sacrifices, one short of the major league record.

Oakland (3–4) *did* equal a big league record—for triple plays in one season—by pulling off its second and third. One came against the Royals when Third Baseman Wayne Gross gloved a grounder, tagged the oncoming runner and threw to second for a forceout. The runner coming from first, George Scott, prevented Second Baseman Mike Edwards from relaying to first base, but Umpire John Shulock ruled interference on the hard-sliding Scott, thus turning the DP into a TP. Another umpire's ruling, this one by Bill Kunkel, led to the A's other triple play, against Texas. Because Gross seemingly trapped a pop bunt, two Ranger runners began speeding around the bases. Oops, they failed to see that Kunkel had ruled that Gross had caught the bunt on the fly. Meanwhile, in trying to double up the Texan who had too hastily left second base, Gross heaved the ball into centerfield, where Tony Armas picked it up. Armas fired to Shortstop Dave Chalk to double the runner off second. Chalk then pegged the ball to Armas—that's right, the centerfielder covering first—for out No. 3. Score it 5–8–6–8. Oakland also hit 14 homers, three by Armas.

CAL 42–31 KC 38–33 TEX 37–33 MINN 34–32
CHI 32–37 SEA 31–42 OAK 22–50

continued

AL EAST

It took some doing, but Baltimore (7–0) at long last persuaded hometown fans to come out to the park en masse. The Orioles enticed them with some dramatic wins on the road, overcoming a 4–1 deficit to beat the Twins 8–5, rallying past the Indians 8–7 and wiping out a 3–0 Cleveland lead with three homers to win 5–3. Then, to the delight of a welcome-home crowd of 35,456, the Birds erased a ninth-inning 5–3 Detroit lead and beat the Tigers 6–5 when Ken Singleton homered and Doug DeCinces added a two-out, two-run shot. An even larger gathering—45,814—saw Baltimore sweep a doubleheader from the Tigers the next day—8–6 on Eddie Murray's three-run homer in the ninth and 6–5 when John Lowenstein reached base on an error in the eighth inning, stole second and scored on Terry Crowley's pinch single. The Oriole bullpen gave up just two runs in 24⅓ innings. Tippy Martinez faced 19 men in relief, gave up only one walk and won twice. Coming out of the bullpen, Sammy Stewart had a win and a save, and Don Stanhouse and Tim Stoddard each had one victory.

Home runs and .433 hitting by Rick Burleson carried Boston (5–2). Six Red Sox homers buried Detroit 13–3, and Jim Rice's 15th helped Dennis Eckersley beat the Tigers 3–2. Four more shots, including two by Rice, were hit in a 12–1 romp over Toronto, which also succumbed 4–3 the next day when Bob Watson homered in the 11th.

Five consecutive wins helped third-place Milwaukee (5–1) to pull ahead of New York (4–3). Gorman Thomas led the Brewer assault with four home runs and 11 RBIs. Catcher Charlie Moore hit .545 to take over the major league batting lead at .370. And Paul Molitor's surprise bunt single, which came with a runner on third and two out in the seventh of a tie game, drove in the winning run as the Brewers trimmed the Twins 3–2.

Steve Kemp had 12 RBIs and Ron LeFlore batted .448 and stole six bases, but Detroit (2–6) fell to sixth place. Winless Cleveland (0–6) squandered leads in three games and wasted 10 RBIs by Bobby Bonds. Conversely, Toronto (3–4) rallied for all of its wins. Luis Gomez, playing third base for the injured Roy Howell, batted .414 and had six two-hit games.

BALT 47–22 BOS 43–25 MIL 40–31 NY 38–33
CLEV 32–36 DET 31–35 TOR 23–50

NL EAST

Montreal (5–1) Manager Dick Williams excused his players from batting practice on Father's Day. Among the grateful was Tony Perez, who said, "I got another hour of sleep and felt rested." Perez was rested enough to hit two of Montreal's five home runs that day during a 19–3 thrashing of Houston. The four dads in the Expo lineup went 9 for 13, scored nine runs and drove in seven. The Expos later beat Philadelphia for the eighth straight time this season as Steve Rogers silenced the Phillies 3–0 on one hit, a single by Dave Rader with two out in the eighth.

St. Louis (2–3) fell 4½ games behind Montreal but was encouraged by the debut of John Fulgham, who had a complete-game 7–2 win over the Padres. That ended a six-game losing streak for the Cardinals and gave them their first victory in San Diego in 14 games—or since June 17, 1976. Ted Simmons batted .476 and beat the Mets 4–2 with two homers and a double; since 1971, Simmons has hit .342 against New York.

Pittsburgh (4–1) concluded its most successful trip to California since 1974 with a 5–3 record and moved into third. Ed Whitson and Kent Tekulve combined on a two-hitter to beat Los Angeles 5–1, and Phil Garner had five hits in a 9–4 win in San Francisco.

"The mood in this clubhouse is a lot worse than at the Carter-Brezhnev talks," said Pete Rose of Philadelphia (2–4), referring to the bickering among his teammates and the chair that flew around the locker room. General Manager Paul Owens tried to straighten things out with a 20-minute clubhouse speech. Owens expressed dissatisfaction with his lethargic players and insisted that Manager Danny Ozark wasn't to blame for the slump in which Philadelphia has lost 23 of 34 games since May 18. Then the Phillies began a vital series in Montreal by losing twice.

Mike Krukow and Reliever Bruce Sutter teamed up as Chicago (3–2) started the week with an 8–5 win over San Diego and later collaborated on a 4–3 victory in Pittsburgh. Sutter picked up a third save in between—he has 17—and Dave Kingman hit his 23rd, 24th and 25th home runs.

New York (0–4) twice lost by one run and twice by two runs. Even when the Mets didn't lose, they missed chances to win—first when a 1–1 game in Atlanta was suspended after eight innings, and later when rain washed out their fourth-inning 1–0 lead in St. Louis.

MONT 39–24 ST.L 34–28 PITT 34–29
PHIL 35–33 CHI 32–31 NY 25–37

NL WEST

In the age of the 'tater, Houston (5–1) remains an enigma. The Astros ping the ball rather than sting it—they're last in the majors with 28 homers, and their .252 batting average is ninth in the National League—but they nonetheless have opened a 5½-game lead, the biggest by any divisional leader in either league, over the second-place Reds. And Houston is finally luring large crowds to the Astrodome. As usual, the Astros made themselves at home in their Dome, winning all five of their games there by a total of six runs. Houston is 22–8 in one-run games and has a 16–1 record in such affairs in the Astrodome. The Astros opened last week's home stand with a three-game sweep of New York. Craig Reynolds won the first game 3–2 with a single in the 18th inning. Joaquin Andujar then muffled the Mets 3–1 on two hits, and the Astros took the finale 5–4 with the aid of an inside-the-park home run by Dennis Walling. Reliever Joe Sambito, who didn't allow a run in three outings, spanning 8⅔ innings, won that game and saved the next one, a 2–1 verdict over San Diego in which Joe Niekro became the first 11-game winner in the majors. Sambito has held the opposition scoreless in his last 17 appearances and has cut his ERA from 3.38 to 1.20. Walling, whose pinch hit in the seventh inning drove home the winning run in the 2–1 game, came through again the next night, singling home the tying run in the ninth and then scoring the winning run on Alan Ashby's pinch hit. A total of 72,385 fans watched the two wins over San Diego.

The only other teams in the West with winning records were the third-place Giants (3–2) and the last-place Braves (4–2). Keeping San Francisco rolling were Bill North, who batted .476 and stole four bases, and Bill Madlock, who apparently settled his differences with Manager Joe Altobelli. Madlock had been benched for three games after calling one of Altobelli's team meetings "a waste of time." A half-hour chat between Madlock and Altobelli cleared the air, and then Madlock went 4 for 8 during two wins over the Reds. Atlanta's Phil Niekro evened his record at 9–9 by beating Philadelphia 10–4 and Los Angeles 7–3, the seventh time in 10 tries the Braves have defeated the struggling (2–4) Dodgers (page *18*).

For the Reds (1–5), the week was a bummer. Longtime favorite Joe Morgan was booed as he struggled through an 0-for-20 slump, and good-luck charm Mike LaCoss lost 3–2 in Montreal. Cincinnati had won all 13 of LaCoss' previous starts, and he had gotten credit for the victory in eight of them. Only a 3–2 win over the Expos by Bill Bonham, his first triumph in nearly five weeks, kept the Reds from being total losers.

Two players acquired on the June 15 trading deadline—former Indian Paul Dade and Jay Johnstone, late of the Yankees—buoyed lowly San Diego (2–4). Dade hit .417, and Johnstone, who made two dazzling catches in centerfield, batted .353. Gaylord Perry lowered his ERA to 2.51 and raised his record to 7–5 by beating St. Louis 3–1.

HOUS 43–29 CIN 36–33 SF 35–35
LA 32–40 SD 32–41 ATL 26–43

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

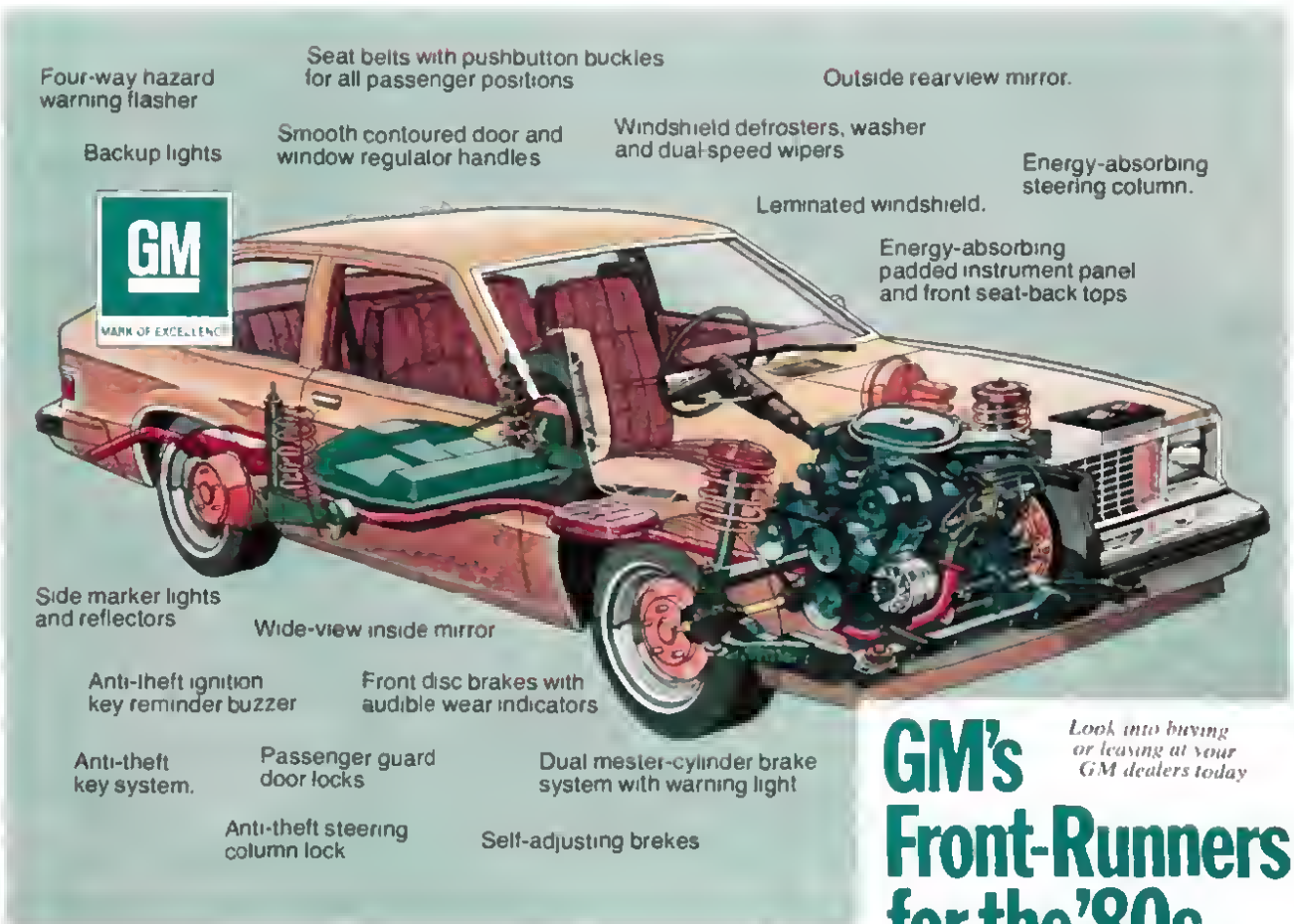
GARY MATTHEWS: The Atlanta outfielder batted .478, scored 11 times, drove in 11 runs and had 11 hits, including five homers (he now has 16 for the year), four doubles and a triple. All of which helped raise his average to .316.

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WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY TO WIN.

by William Nack



Affirmed outdueled Sirlad down the stretch and barely missed a world record for a 1¼-mile race

The richest of them all

Affirmed, the 1978 Triple Crown winner, made more history at Hollywood Park by taking the Gold Cup, thus becoming the first thoroughbred to earn $2 million

They turned for home three abreast, stride for stride, and bounded down the stretch in the Hollywood Gold Cup. From almost the drop of the flag, Affirmed and Sirlad had battled head and head, and by the final bend Text had ranged alongside of them. Now the three were joined—Affirmed on the rail, Sirlad right next to him, Text on the outside. They had just raced through a fiery mile in 1:34⅕, and coming off that final turn they seemed hooked, like a team, each refusing to yield an inch to the others. It was a classic duel, one rivaling the memorable match between Affirmed and Alydar in the 1978 Belmont Stakes, but there were three horses this time, heads bobbing together, with the crowd of 48,884 on its feet and roaring

Down to the eighth pole the three kept coming, with Jockey Laffit Pincay raising his whip and lashing at Affirmed—once, twice, three times, beating right-handed in rhythm to the colt's stride. Beside Pincay, whipping almost in unison with him, Darrel McHargue flailed at Sirlad. And on the outside, Bill Shoemaker was bumping and thumping on Text.

With about a furlong to go, Text began to yield. Fifty more yards, he was half a length behind and out of it. Now the duel was just as it had begun—Affirmed and Sirlad. Inside the sixteenth pole the two still fought it out. Finally, Affirmed pulled a head in front, then a neck, then half a length. In the final yards of the 1¼-mile race, with Sirlad still hanging on tenaciously, Affirmed edged away to win by three-quarters of a length in 1:58⅖, only ⅕th off the world record for the distance set by Quack in the same race in 1972.

The 1979 Gold Cup had been a tremendous race, and all at once a joyous bedlam broke out at Hollywood Park. Toward the winner's circle, angling past the tumultuous crowd, came Laz Barrera, trainer of Affirmed, looking vaguely stunned at the spectacle just seen. Beside him, wiping her face, was Patrice Jacobs Wolfson, wife of the winner's owner, Louis Wolfson. Spectators shouted, "Attaway Laz!" to Barrera all the way down to the winner's circle. Barrera, plunging on past the throng, muttered several times, "What a race. What a race." And then, reaching the circle, he said, "A great horse, isn't he? A great horse."

The crowd erupted again as Pincay, rocking in the stirrups, brought Affirmed back to the finish line. Barrera walked out to meet him, both hands pumping over his head.

"Thank you," Barrera said.

continued

"Congratulations, Lazaro," the smiling Pincay replied.

A moment later, as the chestnut colt strode to the winner's circle, the voice of track announcer Harry Henson called out the message of the year in racing over the loudspeaker: "Ladies and gentlemen, the richest racehorse in thoroughbred history—Affirmed!"

So it was last Sunday when Harbor View Farm's Affirmed, the 1978 Triple Crown winner, became the first horse in the history of thoroughbred racing to win $2 million in purses. The setting and the event were certainly consistent with the history made. Almost 30 years ago, Citation closed out his illustrious career with a victory in the same race (it was $100,000 added in those days) to become the first thoroughbred to earn $1 million—$1,085,760, to be precise. Twenty-three horses have since passed the million-dollar mark—testimony to ever-expanding purses—but only two came close to $2 million. Kelso left the racetrack in 1966 with earnings of $1,977,896; at age nine, the old horse simply couldn't go on. Forego, with recurring injuries stopping him at last, retired last year with $1,938,957.

Not that Affirmed was particularly close before the Gold Cup. He came to the race with earnings of $1,769,218, a full $230,782 shy of the record—by ordinary standards at least two, maybe three, major victories short of his goal. But the Gold Cup was not ordinary in money offered or circumstances leading up to it. Earlier in June, the gross purse was boosted from $350,000—with a winner's share of $192,500, not enough for Affirmed to break the $2 million barrier—to $500,000, making it the richest thoroughbred race in American history, and increasing the winner's take-home pay to $275,000, enough to push Affirmed's bankroll to $2,044,218.

Attendance and handle had been down at Hollywood Park this year, and the track was looking for a way to stir media interest and to intrigue fans. A strike of pari-mutuel clerks, with pickets marching at the gates, cut into attendance the first 20 days of the meeting. An enervating heat wave came and went, and the gasoline shortage certainly didn't help. On June 5, when the purse hike was announced, it seemed that the track was raising the ante just to give Affirmed a chance to make a bit of history.

"Absolutely not," says Marge Everett, executive vice-president of Hollywood Park. "It was not in any manner designed for one horse. The problem with racing is we all have to come out with our stakes schedules several months in advance. We are guessing what might be running several months later in our major races. I don't care how brilliant you are, I defy anyone to say in January what might be running in June. You have to be flexible. One year we had a chance to get Foolish Pleasure. We boosted the purse [for the Swaps Stakes, from $100,000 to $200,000], then New York put on the special match race between Foolish Pleasure and Ruffian. So, if you will pardon the expression, it's a dog-eat-dog business competitively."

In raising the purse, Everett says the track was trying to lure stakes stars from the East, most notably Alydar, Affirmed's foil in the Triple Crown. "Can you imagine what a great attraction we would have had with Alydar and Affirmed?" she says. "We gambled. You don't always make it: sometimes you do. This time the gamble didn't work."

Calumet Farm trainer John Veitch says Hollywood Park officials called him repeatedly through the spring to urge him to ship Alydar to California. "Marge Everett told me she wanted to make the Gold Cup a horse race and Alydar was the horse to do it," he says. "I told her I was interested but I couldn't guarantee anything. Finally, the way things turned out, I thought I was better off staying East. Hollywood Park is conducive to speed, and Alydar was just returning to form. I was giving too much away."

Two weeks after the $500,000 purse was set, handicapper Eual Wyatt assigned the weights for the Gold Cup. Playing the oldest game in racing, trainer Laz Barrera had threatened not to run Affirmed if he were given more than 132 pounds. "I don't want him to carry so much weight he gets hurt," he said. "From now on I'm going to be very careful running him with weight. He don't have to prove anything no more. He has established his value. More important to me is that he be a good stallion."

Wyatt listed Affirmed at 132 pounds. "It was an out-and-out gift," says trainer D. Wayne Lukas, who had nominated Arachnoid for the race. "He should have had at least 135." Horsemen pointed out that Ack Ack, not the horse Affirmed is, carried 134 pounds in winning the 1971 Gold Cup. Moreover, Affirmed was coming off a smashing triumph in the 1⅛-mile Californian, winning by five lengths under 130 pounds. So he picked up two pounds for the Gold Cup. "I think it's a fair weight," Wyatt said. "We'll see on Sunday."

Thus Affirmed, carrying 132 pounds (Sirlad carried 120) for the classic American distance of 1¼ miles, gave ample evidence that he is the most capable thoroughbred in America, certainly a better horse right now than he was at three. Since his fall campaign, in which both Seattle Slew and Exceller beat him, he has grown into a racehorse. He is taller, for one thing, and he has filled out some. He was never heavily muscled; rather he was leggy, tending to leanness, especially in the heat of the long 1978 campaign. Then he struck one as more the doe than the buck—light of bone, with nothing gross or coarse about him, and very refined. "Neat as a pin," said Sirlad's trainer Charlie Whittingham. This year, having grown perhaps an inch and added 100 pounds to the frame, he looks a bit more substantial. And, if anything, he is even more phlegmatic now than before. "He has a better disposition than any horse I've ever seen," says Whittingham, "not a nerve in his body."

But more than $2 million in the bank. That he has been able to amass such a fortune so quickly is testimony to his considerable talents and consistency, to Barrera's horsemanship and, of course, to inflation. With Sunday's victory, Affirmed had started 26 times in his life and earned an average of $78,264 per start, a remarkable figure, roughly comparable to winning a $100,000 race every time he ran. Exterminator, the great handicap horse of 60 years ago, averaged $2,530 a start in 100 races. A decade later, Equipoise earned $6,639 a start—$338,610 in 51 races—while Citation averaged $24,128 in 45. In the early '60s, Kelso averaged $31,395 over 63 tries, and in the 1970s, Forego $34,017 in 57.

And Affirmed isn't through yet. "He'll go to Saratoga for a rest," Barrera says, "and run in New York in the fall." There are millionaires aplenty on the rolls of racing stars. Affirmed will retire the Croesus of them all. **END**

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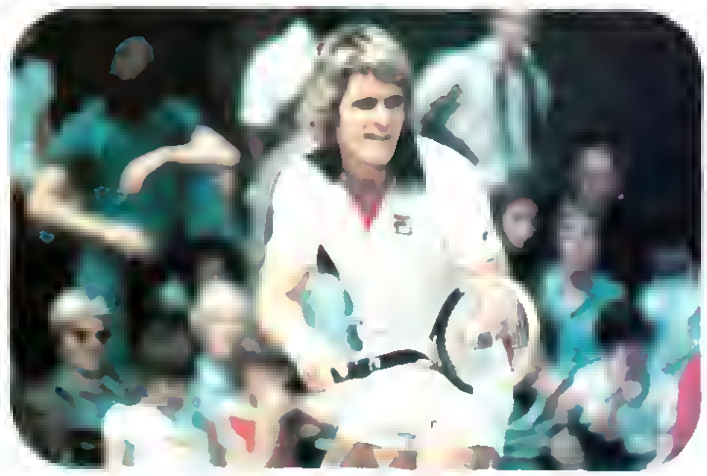
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MOVIES

By FRANK DEFORD



A TWIN BILL WITH BUT A SINGLE PLOT

Hollywood is bankrupt when it comes to any sort of originality in sports movies, which becomes doubly apparent when it offers two at once. Consider these, which have just opened. *Dreamer* is a shoestring flick about the pin busters at a tacky tacky Bowl Haven in downstate Illinois. *Players* is a big-budget beauty about international tennis stars at Wimbledon. They have the exact selfsame plot, the neo-Rocky plot that evidently has been patented as the one to be used in all sports movies. It has been franchised, and if you dial the 800 number you can buy it for your sports movie.

Franchise plot starts with a star athlete who is a hopeless unknown, the more implausible the better. Step two, a pinch of girl trouble. Step three, time to introduce a grizzled coach with vision. If you do purchase the franchise plot for your sport, be advised that Jack Warden must play this role in 50% of all sports movies. He is not in *Players*, he is in *Dreamer*. Next, a hard training sequence with thumper-type music to match. Next, a little unbelievable upward mobility to rush the unknown into the championships. Finally, the championships. The unknown either wins or loses by a hair. The way you can tell whether a sports movie fancies itself sophisticated is if he loses. This week's hint: *Dreamer* is not sophisticated. By the way, the high point of its subplot involves the question of whether the unknown's tacky new bowling shirt will be ready in time for the championships.

It is Hollywood's patronizing view that if you give sports fans some hot action shots at the end, the mouth-readers will salivate happily throughout. I suppose this was the same attitude the last generation of movie producers had about climactic gunfights. Alas, because bowling is to spectator sports what bowling shirts are to Pierre Cardin, *Dreamer* can't even make much of its obligatory championship sequence. Was the 10-pin set improperly? That is what passes for high drama. In *Players*, the finale does make for some lovely grass-green tennis-white footage, but much of it is hokey: virtually every point is won or lost with an overhead smash by the unknown.

He is played by Dean-Paul Martin (*above*), Dean's son and skater Dorothy Hamill's *inamorato*. In real life, Dean-Paul is a minor league tennis pro whose good looks and name have earned him a lot of wild-card spots on the big tour. He is modest and engaging, popular with the players on tour, and his winsome qualities are manifest on the screen, where he comes off sympathetically—although he has no visible means of support from either script or director. Opposite Martin, in the role of "older woman," is the beautiful Ali MacGraw. We speak of weekend players in tennis. Miss MacGraw might charitably be called a weekend actress. There are also a number of real court luminaries, notably Guillermo Vilas as Martin's opponent in the Wimbledon final and Pancho Gonzales as the Grizzled Coach with Vision.

Both play themselves, and I'm sorry, but the fact that Pancho Gonzales manages to portray Pancho Gonzales so well is not enough to make me applaud. This sort of vanity casting cheapens any drama. It is distracting enough that Dick Weber appears under a pin name in *Dreamer*. When Vilas is Vilas, Gonzales is Gonzales, Ion Tiriac is Ion Tiriac and so on, pretty soon you are thinking, well why are they calling Ali MacGraw Nicole and wondering if Dorothy Hamill picked out Dean-Paul's T-shirt ensembles. For that matter, who are they kidding that Vilas could get to the quarters, much less the finals, on Wimbledon grass? Mix fact and fiction so promiscuously and you do so at the peril of crippling the act of imagination we must perform to believe the tale. Besides, it is bad enough that we must have foisted upon us actors playing celebrity tennis, having jocks playing at celebrity acting is worse still.

And oh, a final note, just to prove that one viewer is paying attention. In *Dreamer* the franchise plot begins with the unknown about 12 years old, setting pins in 1954. Twenty-five years later he is 27. In *Players* the plot begins with the unknown, a 10-year-old, watching Gonzales on TV in 1949. Thirty years later the kid is 23. We know by now not to expect superior acting, writing or directing in sports films. But surely we could have counting. Please, at least, counting. END

by Joe Marshall



A shot heard round the world

Teen-ager Michael Carter set a record so astounding in the 12-pound shotput that it is being called "Beamonesque"

One of Southern Methodist's choicest football recruits is 18-year-old Michael Carter of Dallas, a 6′ 2½″ 255-pounder with speed. But Carter has a dilemma. He is also a shotputter. Which is like saying that Michelangelo was also a painter. Two weeks ago Carter heaved the 12-pound shot, the one high-schoolers use, 81′ 3½″. Since March he had broken the previous high school record of 72′ 3¼″ five times. Now, on the last throw of his high school career, he not only beat his closest competitor by almost 17 feet but also surpassed the old record by nine feet.

That margin was so astonishing that track and field fans termed Carter's toss "Beamonesque," in reference to Bob Beamon, who bypassed 28′ on the way to his superhuman 29′ 2½″ long jump in the 1968 Olympics at Mexico City. In that same year Sam Walker, also of Dallas, set the high school record Carter shattered for the sixth, and most astonishing, time, in the Golden West Invitational at Sacramento, Calif.

However, other track nuts claim the comparison with Beamon is unfair—to Carter. Beamon's jump outdistanced the second-best leap in history by 6.6%. Carter almost doubled that margin. His toss surpassed Walker's by 12.5%.

"I'll be seven feet under before anyone throws 81 feet again," says Walker, now 28, who recently began a comeback in the shot.

So what's a football-lovin', shotputtin' sonofagun like Carter to do? Even though he is just now making the transition to the 16-pound shot, Carter is already considered one of this country's top candidates for the Moscow Olympics. His biggest hurdle is self-imposed—the time-consuming, injury-producing arena of college football. "Football is my main sport and playing professional football is my main goal," says Carter, who once described track as "a good way to fill the time between football seasons." SMU Coach Ron Meyer considers him a prize catch in a group of Mustang recruits widely recognized as among the top five in college football.

Carter's strength and 4.6 speed in the 40-yard dash make him an ideal candidate for nose guard, although he played four different positions in his senior year at Thomas Jefferson High. In one game he put that speed on display by taking an end-around 78 yards for a touchdown. In all, he was sought by more than 100 colleges, from Penn State to USC. At one time Carter had two large trash bags full of letters from recruiters. But his 14-year-old sister—he also has two younger brothers—recently mistook them for garbage and threw them out.

When Carter signed his letter of intent with SMU, it was with the understanding that he could skip football in the Olympic year to concentrate on the shot. Right now he is undecided as to what he will do, and he doesn't have to make up his mind until football practice begins Aug. 9. Already he has discovered how demanding football can be. Carter had hoped to major in architecture but, having learned how much time he would have to spend at football practice, he is considering business management instead. "In architecture school you have to do a lot of surveys and other projects on your own time," he says. "On my 'own' time I'll be on the football field."

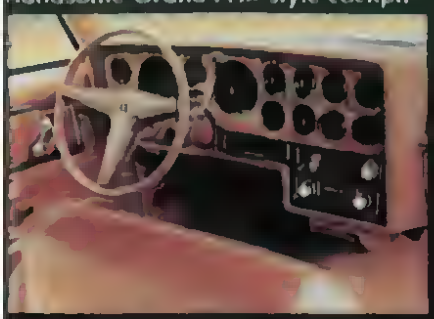
The prospect that he might devote his athletic talents to football horrifies track fans, who have seen all too many Olympic hopefuls sidetracked by more popular and potentially more lucrative sports. Pittsburgh Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, for instance, was once the high school record holder in the javelin. That mark now belongs to New Eng-

continued

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land Patriot Tight End Russ Francis.

If Carter does opt for track, he will have outstanding coaching. Last week SMU hired Ted McLaughlin as its new track and field coach. For the past five years McLaughlin was in charge of the field events at the University of Texas-El Paso, and he is considered one of this country's authorities on throwing events. His UTEP throwers contributed 30 of the 64 points that won this year's NCAA title for the Miners.

McLaughlin attributes Carter's success to his quickness. "He is lightning fast," the coach says. "You can't study his technique unless you film him and watch in slow motion. Usually you film at 18 frames per second, but with Carter that may not be enough. He's really a blur." Nevertheless, McLaughlin sees room for improvement, particularly in upper-body strength. Carter bench-presses 345 pounds. Many world-class shotputters can do 500.

Michael's father, who is the soccer coach at Thomas Jefferson, ascribes his son's success to hard work. Michael was a sprinter in grade school, but he grew so fast that by the seventh grade his knees weren't functioning properly and he had difficulty walking. He couldn't compete in athletics that year, and the following year he discovered that his condition had permanently slowed him too much for sprinting. He took up the shot and began lifting weights to transform his lean sprinter's physique into that of a weight man.

"Before Michael was old enough to drive, I'd have to go to the track to pick him up," his father says. "I'd sit and sit and sit while he kept working out. I always let him go until he got tired." Says Michael, "My dad always encouraged me but he never pushed me. I pushed myself."

At Sacramento, Carter, not usually one to display his feelings, pushed himself to such a peak that he indulged in an absolute orgy of emotion. Before the competition, meet officials had placed a small American flag 77 feet from the shotput circle to mark Carter's high school record. Carter himself had shyly requested that the officials add an extra measurement line to the landing area, 80 feet out from the circle, just in case. When he saw his final throw hit the ground beyond that line, Carter, who says his credo is "Don't brag," couldn't contain himself. He bounded into the landing area, grabbed the flag and waved it over his head. That evoked a standing ovation. Then he regained his composure and, when officials suggested he take a victory lap around the track, Carter politely declined. "I told them I couldn't run that far," he said later, permitting himself one more grin.

Back home in Dallas, his parents opened the *Dallas Times Herald* the next morning and saw a picture of Michael grinning from ear to ear. "Michael is smiling," said an amazed Faye Carter to her husband Douglas. "He *must* have done well."

That weekend, 400 miles to the south, America's top-ranked shotputters were gathered in Walnut, Calif. to compete for the national title in the AAU championships. Word of the new high school record reached them just before Sunday's final and quickly replaced all other topics of conversation. UCLA's Dave Laut won the AAU title with a throw of 69′ 3¾″, a personal best. It was the high point of Laut's career, but afterward he was still shaking his head over Carter's accomplishment. Turning to Walker, who frequently trains with Carter in Dallas, Laut muttered disconsolately, "I couldn't throw a 12-pound shot 81 feet."

When college coaches recruit high school shotputters, they usually subtract 10 feet from the athlete's best throw with a 12-pound shot to gauge his potential with a 16-pounder. Using that conversion factor, Carter could be considered the seventh-best shotputter ever and the fifth-best in U.S. history. A 71-foot put would have won both the NCAA and AAU titles this year. In actuality, Carter has yet to come close to 70 feet with the 16-pound shot. To date his best throw is 66′ 4″, and he successfully defended his national title last weekend at the AAU Junior Championships in Bloomington, Ind. with a 64′ 6½″.

Carter's prodigious throwing is already the stuff of legend. Consider his feats at an all-comers meet in Abilene, Texas on May 5. On that day he competed in four events—the high school and international shot and discus. In the process he set two national prep records, surpassed a third while warming up and was within two inches of a fourth. The high school marks came in the shot competitions. He threw 77′ with the 12-pound ball and his 66′ 4″ mark with a 16-pounder. One of his practice throws with the high school discus (which weighs about 10 ounces less than the international implement) sailed 215′, 5′ 6″ farther than Dave Porath's high school mark of 209′ 6″ set in 1978. In the international discus Carter fell two inches short of Ray Burton's high school record of 177′ 4″ set in 1974. He might have been able to break Burton's record, but that competition took place at the same time as the high school shot, and Carter was scurrying back and forth from one ring to the other to get in all his throws in both events. Not a bad day's work.

Carter took up the discus in the 10th grade, two years after he started with the shot, because he says, "I was told they go together." Understandably, his discus form is less than perfect. Some observers call it horrible. But the discus is not an event won on style points, and in Carter's final two years in high school, where he was a B-plus student, he lost just two discus competitions.

However, there is one point about Carter's style that could be a problem. When he throws, he likes to tape the index and ring fingers of his throwing hand for a better grip, a habit he got into after spraining his hand last year. But that kind of wrap isn't allowed in international competition. Even now, Carter creates problems for meet officials. At the Atlanta Classic meet in June, the landing area was bordered by a fence 74 feet from the shotput circle. Carter's coach, James Neeley, suggested that the landing area be laid out differently to give Carter more room. The officials thought he was pulling some sort of Texas-sized joke. They stopped laughing when Carter's first warmup throw ripped a hole in the fence.

Shotput fallout could also prove a problem at Southern Methodist. The landing area at the Morrison-Bell field is composed of crushed red gravel and extends from 72 to 75 feet from the throwing circle. When Carter works out there he routinely heaves the 12-pound shot into the grass beyond.

In short, as one track man put it, "When you're dealing with Carter, you're dealing with a national treasure." Only time will tell whether football will leave the treasure intact. **END**

High-octane shockeroo

In the Cane Pace it was Happy Motoring all the way for driver Bill Popfinger and the wrong day at the pump for the two big favorites, Sonsam and Hot Hitter

Herve Filion, who has won more harness races in his career—almost 7,000—than any other driver, was sitting on a rail at New York's Yonkers Raceway the other evening, tracing lines in the dirt with his whip and saying, "If you brag about your horses or your kids, they'll prove you're a liar."

Two nights later, in the 25th annual Cane Pace, the first leg of pacing's Triple Crown, the 3-year-olds who had been billed as the best in the land—Hot Hitter and Sonsam—both made liars of legions of experts and bettors who had been convinced of their superiority.

Filion drives Hitter, a $21,000 bargain whose star status seemed secure after he had won at Yonkers a week earlier in 1.57⅗, three-fifths of a second off the track record. Filion discarded his own advice just before the Cane, predicting a win for Hitter. "He's the best," Filion said decisively. The other sure thing, Sonsam, has been syndicated and the current market value of the shares is $6.3 million, making him by far the most valuable standardbred ever. The way harness-racing folk had been talking up Sonsam all spring, he had become something of a legend before his time. Still, as a 2-year-old he won 14 of 17 races and $246,648. His syndicator and part owner, Morton Finder, was understandably rhapsodic before the Cane. "I've never seen a horse show any more speed," he said. "He has a chance to go undefeated from here on out and win $1 million."

These mighty words were turned to ashes Saturday night before a crowd of 13,860 by Happy Motoring, a lightly regarded bay colt whose presence in the Cane field was considered of interest mainly by hunch players with a taste for irony, local motorists being decidedly unhappy over the gas shortage. Before the first of two elimination heats, Bill Popfinger, Motoring's driver, wasn't overly excited about the total purse of $336,420, the biggest ever in New York for any kind of horse race. "It's not how much you're going for but how much you get," said Popfinger. As it turned out, he got $79,395. He also earned the respect of skeptical horseplayers who had sent Motoring off at 15 to 1 in his heat (the first four finishers in each of the two heats returned for a final mile) and 10 to 1 in the final.

The draw for the Cane, held at midweek, by chance placed the seven horses with the best records in one heat and the seven with the worst in the other. On Saturday the division of "others" was won by Armbro Ultrasonic, the longest shot in the race at 35 to 1. He was driven by an affable Canadian, Ron MacArthur, and his time was 1:58⅗.

In the blue-chip second heat Filion, who hasn't won nearly $26 million in 26 years by being anybody's fool, set out to keep things under control. Taking the lead, he managed to back off Sonsam and the rest of the field in a most leisurely :30 quarter. The half went by in a somnambulant 1:00⅘. Sonsam was boxed in on the rail and racing roughly, and didn't get a chance to show off his heralded speed until too late. Filion, who picked up the pace in the last half mile, hung on to win by half a length. Sonsam, with George Sholty driving, was an easy second, and nobody much noticed that Happy Motoring, who had a horrible trip, going most of the way in sixth place, was third. The clocking was an unimpressive 1:58⅘.

One of Sonsam's owners, Barry Epstein of Lexington, Ky., talked with Sholty in the paddock before the finals and then announced jauntily, "We'll win this

continued



Motoring mugs with Popfinger, wife Betty (left), groom Karen Bender and Yonkers exec Dan Rooney



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one." It was anticipated that Hitter, with the inside post position, would try once again to keep Sonsam, in the No. 3 slot, slowed and trapped. Stymied in the early going, Sonsam made a move at Hot Hitter near the half-mile pole. He failed and dropped back. Then Sonsam's behavior became erratic. Nearing the three-quarter pole, he moved out into Most Happy Collins. Then, in the final turn, Sonsam veered wide. Popfinger, who has a deserved reputation for driving brilliantly in big races, dropped Happy Motoring inside and outsped Hot Hitter to the wire by a nose. "When it's that close," he said, "you always think you've won."

For his eccentric trip Sonsam, who got home third, was disqualified and placed last. Most Happy Collins moved up to third. It was obvious that the long-gaited Sonsam couldn't handle the tight turns of Yonkers' half-mile track—this was his first race on a half-miler—though Finder had insisted before the race, "If he loses, it won't be because of the track." Still, it will be surprising if Sonsam is seen on smaller tracks very often this season. And if he doesn't perk up soon, his racing days could be numbered because, as Finder says, "We're not going to let him make a bum out of himself. It's a glamour business, and the idea is not to lose the shine."

Happy Motoring is another talented and durable son of the sire Most Happy Fella. Popfinger has a knack for putting a gloss on average horses and making them look good. He still chortles when he talks of how he "kind of stole" last year's Little Brown Jug with the long-shot Happy Escort. And Happy Motoring looks at least as good as Escort.

One of Motoring's three owners, Secaucus, N.J. businessman Steve Ransom, said he had been ready to get out of the horse business, because "I've been in it since 1966 and had mostly failures." He only reluctantly got in on the purchase of Happy Motoring as a yearling. "When you pay $48,000 for anything, you feel like you overpaid," he said. But the Cane win lifted his spirits so sharply that by late Saturday night he was telling Popfinger he would spend $250,000 on yearlings in 1979.

Popfinger, standing under a sign in the office of Yonkers President Tim Rooney that reads, RELAX, WHY BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE CEMETERY, took his victory more calmly. "There's no substitute for horsepower," he said. **END**



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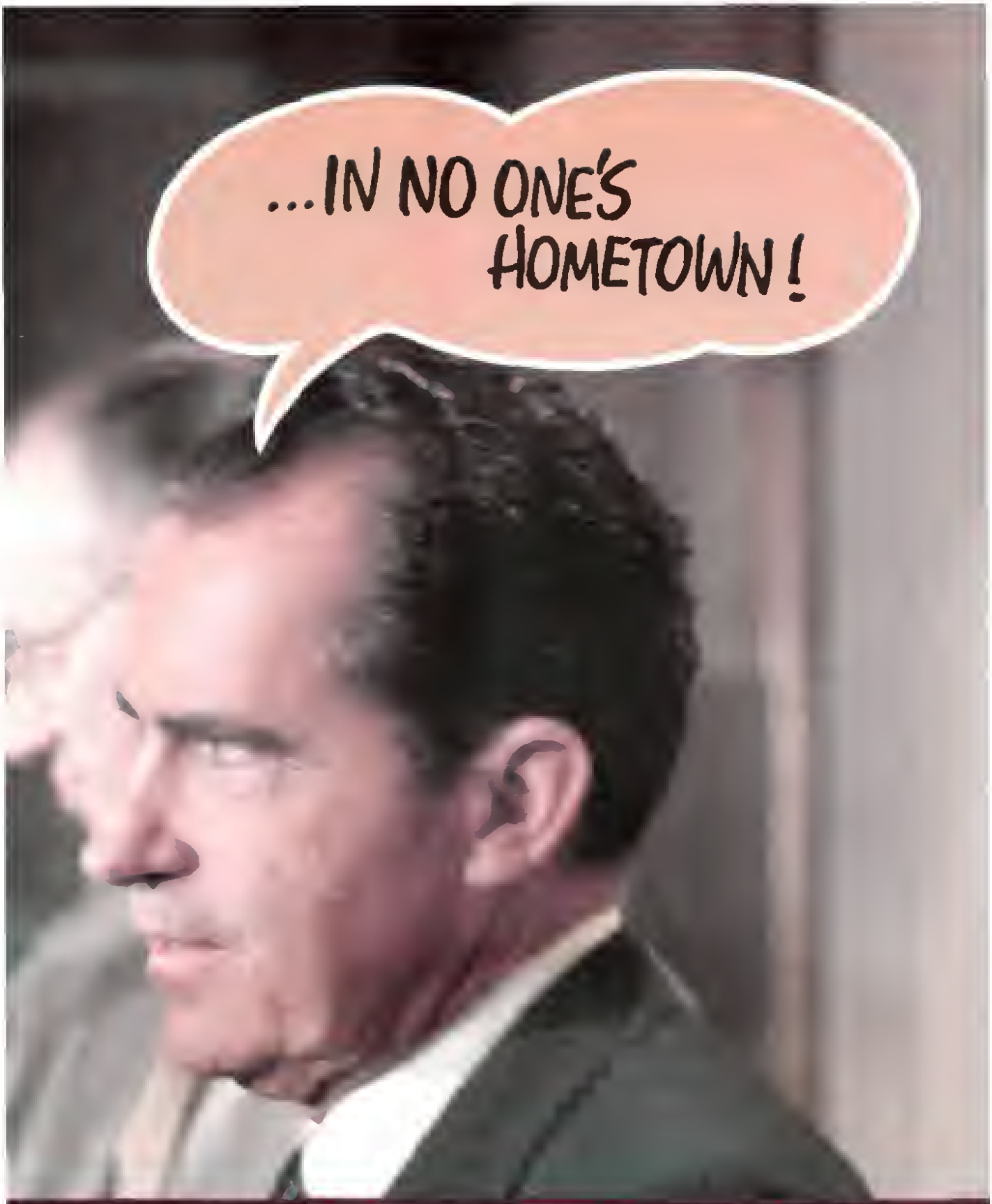
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Teddy Ballgame went from RFK Stadium to a Texas interchange; the First Fan from the Oval Office to out of office. With rootlessness endemic in



Our Nation's Capital, the question is: How do you build lunch-pail loyalties in an hors d'oeuvres town?

BY FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

Here are three true clichés and some additional comments about Our Nation's Capital:

1) Until very recently, Washington was a sleepy Southern town.

2) It is recession-proof.

3) Nobody ever goes home.

And also:

4) Being recession-proof doesn't sell season tickets to basketball and hockey games.

5) Everybody in Washington says the reason the baseball Senators never drew was that they were located within the city limits.

6) Everybody in Washington says the reason the basketball Bullets don't draw is that they are located out in the suburbs.

7) Statistics prove that Washington has twice as many psychiatrists per capita as any other city in the country. Also, until this year, starting quarterbacks.

8) The beleaguered institution of marriage is making a comeback in the District of Columbia. This is because houses are so expensive—average price: $100,000—that no man of marriageable age can afford one. Therefore he must find a female government employee to help share the expense. (Or possibly it is dowries that are making a comeback.)

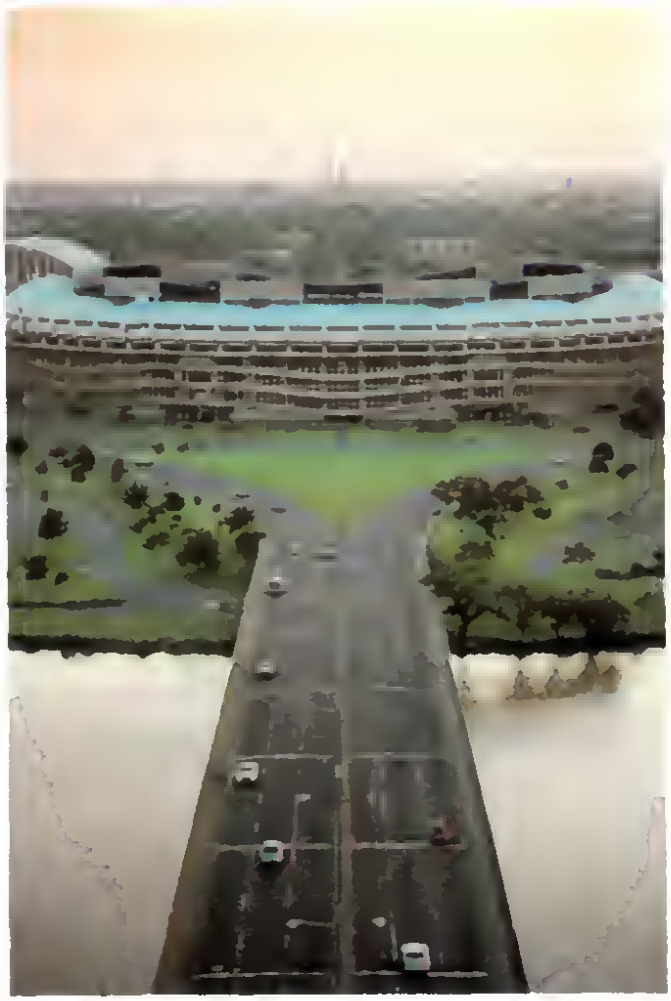
9) The expression "political football" was used in Washington as early as 1839. Honest.

Next, here are four views of Washington from some folks who went there from other towns for business reasons:

Richard M. Nixon, erstwhile District resident and Redskin fan: "The trouble is, Washington is a city without identity. Everybody comes from someplace else. Anywhere else people say, 'I'm from Cincinnati, I'm from New York, I'm from Topeka.' You never hear people say that about Washington. Deep down, they still think they're back home. But you take any hometown boy—well, these days I guess you have to say hometown 'person'—and they come to Washington for politics, but they need an identity with the city. And the Redskins provide that. The Redskins are the only thing in Washington that the people think of as 'ours.' Nobody in Washington gives a tinker's dam about the Kennedy Center or the Washington Symphony."

Mike Curtis, aging linebacker with the Redskins' Over the Hill Gang, formerly of the Baltimore Colts: "Washington fans are just like any others. They're all the same, fans—all the same, everywhere. Just because they're not educated in Baltimore and they are here—people are still all the same when they're fans."

Edward Bennett Williams, the high-powered lawyer and part owner and president of the Redskins, formerly of Hartford, Conn.: "People who come to Washington never go home, although they may keep their allegiances to their teams back home. People here are more secure—the government's not going out of business—so they're not as hungry. The real-estate market downtown is paralyzed because everybody's waiting for the next Arab. For a lawyer, it's heaven. It's like being a banker in New York or a surfer in Hawaii. This place has got to draw anyone with eyes and ears. It's a celebrity town, motivated by power. My motion-



Redskins rule RFK Stadium, the national pastime's Little Big Horn . . .

picture friends always tell me that Washington reminds them most of Hollywood."

Mort Sahl, recently a radio talk-show host in Washington, formerly of the 1950s: "This town is poison. It's petrified. The people are on automatic pilot. All they talk about is power. America's falling apart. Your sons are homosexual. Your women are ambivalent. Your people here are the walking dead. This city has nothing to do with America. Get out!"

Hmmm.

It certainly is a strange place, Washington, D.C., altogether atypical. But we all know that. It is not only that it was never cut out to be a sports town, it was never cut out to be any kind of town. It was just conjured up as part of a North-South trade one night by Jefferson and Hamilton, and to this day the people of Washington perceive themselves as throw-ins in the deal, players that were named later.

Even the most prominent "major league" American cities feel some need for their home teams to succeed against municipal rivals; every city has a little Sparta left in it. All but Washington: because no mere ball team is going to affect how its people feel about their city, which is now almost surely the most important one on the face of the earth. A nouveau *riche* burg like Dallas or L.A. needs a team to prove itself to a skeptical Establishment, just as an old, burned-over place—New York, say, or Pittsburgh—boasts of its champions all the more proudly, as if to say that the fading city still does throb and thrive. But what does the capital of the free world need its teams for?

Sure, devotion to the Redskins is widespread. They get as much attention as the government (and nearly as much as the subject of federal employee benefits), but there are only eight home games each season, which makes the commitment convenient. Besides, almost every city has had its NFL social disease sometime in the past 20 years, and the more sophisticated sports towns have long since been cured. More revealing is that Washington—and whenever we use the capital's name here, it means the whole metropolitan area—is the only city in baseball's modern era to have lost its big league franchise *twice*.

The capital did go spontaneously wild for about 24 seconds a year ago when the Bullets won the NBA, but just as quickly, it forgot about its first champions in 36 years—until this past season's playoffs. Certainly, no one in Washington feels shamefaced that he does not "support" a winner. Just as the city is recession-proof, so, too, is it booster-proof. The local Jaycees are not going to go out to the District line and erect signs saying WASHINGTON, D.C., HOME OF THE CAPITAL OF THE FREE WORLD. The spirit of the town is national, at large, which conflicts absolutely with devotion to a home team, which is the quintessence of American localism.

Remember that Washington doesn't know what it is to compete, at anything. The last time the city was really challenged was in 1814, and on that occasion the British marched in virtually unopposed and torched the Capitol and the White House. Congress was so disgusted with the whole cowardly citizenry that it threatened to move the seat of government to Philadelphia or Lancaster, Pa.; worried local bankers loaned the government $500,000 to redecorate, and this carried the day. Ever since, Washington has lived off the fat of the land, looking out for its own, finding better jobs for those the electorate has dismissed, inventing new layers of bureaucracy, dreaming up new regulations for lawyers to monkey with. You can do this when you don't have to worry about Memphis stealing your GM parts plant or Denver taking your insurance home office. When you think about it, the only thing Washington ever lost was the Senators. Twice.

Unlike teams from most cities, Washington's have never generated any out-of-town passion or antagonism. Get the Senators? Redskin-haters? Washington can get stirred up about the Cowboys, but Dallas doesn't react with unkind remarks about the Ellipse or the Lincoln Memorial. Even in Baltimore, only 40 miles distant, the citizens never get stirred up over playing Washington; they want to whip New York. New York—like Paris, London, Rome—is power with pas-

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...but they still swing for the fences in D.C., if only metaphorically.

sion. Washington is only the former. It's sad, but nobody ever wrote a love song about Washington.

Occasionally, of course, the capital goes too far and gets the whole country riled at it. But this passes soon enough, as soon as we throw the rascals out and turn them back into lawyers and lobbyists. By contrast, the national antipathy for New York or Los Angeles is continuous and sustaining. A little civic abrasion helps the fans and the players get up for the game. But Washington, D.C.?

Clayton Fritchey, the respected political columnist, makes this point: "The great unchallenged myth is that the people hate Washington. It's accepted because Carter is supposed to have won by running against Washington. But Americans don't hate their capital. You can see the affection on the faces of the tourists downtown. And if Washington is in such terrible disrepute, then why don't the people overthrow Congress, which represents them in Washington? But they don't. In recent years, the *smallest* number of incumbents sent back to Congress was 88%. There's the proof."

Hate Washington? Hate the municipal version of the Great American Dream, where everybody is white collar, everybody secure, everybody dealing in real estate, everybody a lawyer or in love with one? And people in Washington know that. They are going to win the things that count. They always have. So what's a game to them? The ones who are prepared to compromise and get major league baseball back by sharing a team with Baltimore always say, "Why not take half a loaf now? Eventually we'll take over the franchise and have it all to ourselves." Doesn't Washington do that with everything it touches?

But if everything is guaranteed, if Washingtonians have nothing to be defensively contentious about, neither do they know what to hug to their breasts. They are all from someplace else, and few of them genuinely believe that anything in Washington belongs to Washington—including themselves. Unlike other hometowners, they can't take pride in the usual things: their powerful industry (there is none); their glorious natural setting (Washington was built on a swamp); their beloved traditions (it is a society of transients); their beautiful women (Baltimore and Richmond, on either side, are known for their belles); or their ball teams (losers; as every mother's son used to know by heart: Washington—First in War, First in Peace, Last in the American League).

Moreover, Washington is a geographical bastard. While it is hunkered down at one frazzled end of the Northeastern megalopolis, in many ways it resembles a Sun Belt boomtown, with young people pouring in all the time, charging the air, charging everything else at 12%. Sixty percent of the women in Washington work—only in Houston do as many women have jobs. Everybody in Washington apparently is 32 years old and drives a Volvo with no more than 12,000 miles on it. The joggers are everywhere downtown, whizzing past bureaucrats adorned with photo ID badges. "Nobody smokes, and everybody is running around in their underpants," a visiting Israeli said the other day.

"We've forged ahead of New York, not only in the sense of power, but in the way that the composition of Washington best reflects the spirit of the country," says Clark Clifford, the former Secretary of Defense. "New York has more of the old ethnic cast and strains, but Washington has the broader cross section of today's American society."

It can be argued that Washington outdoes the Sun Belt cities at their own game, for those subtropical Valhallas of youth and no yesterdays also attract the aged seeking warm winters, as well as a lot of riffraff, TV drifters who go with the sun, sure that they'll break their losing streak at the next step farther south or west. Washington is not burdened with these people. Everybody comes to the capital with a firm purpose—even if eventually that purpose becomes just to stay there.

Washington is strange, flawed in many ways, but it may well be the country's beau ideal. There are no tall buildings. It is said that nothing can exceed the 287′ 5½″ height of the Capitol. (The Washington Monument is the exception.) Everything looks so glorious and solid. And everything is at your feet. People used to talk about cities lying at your feet. In Washington, if you're bold enough and fool

continued



Duke Ziebert wonders why Bullets aren't flying in his place



Bullet owner Pollin wonders why fans aren't fleeing to his place



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enough, there is the sense that you still can conquer it. That must be why nobody ever goes home from Washington. It is the one place that has sort of an away-court advantage.

Remember the word *smart*? Not just smart like bright, but smart like fashionable, and also smart like cocky or fresh. Smart is the best word for Washington, in all those ways. Among the top 20 metropolitan areas of the country, Washington has by far the highest per capita income and level of education. And you could say it is a pretty smart sports town. It is smart to be seen at a Redskin game. The smart guys wait for the NBA playoffs. World tennis is run in Washington by Donald Dell. The National Rifle Association is located in the capital and lobbies smartly there, so that every sportsman in this great nation retains the God-given right to dispatch fellow sportsmen with Saturday Night Specials. Washingtonians are very knowledgeable, very involved in studying sports, even if they rarely bother with actually paying to see a game. They flood the sports pages with letters expressing indignant opinions about minutiae. George Allen, the former Redskin coach, still viewed by many as a Napoleon on Elba, continues to get so much mail from Washington that he has had to hire a temporary secretary to help him reply. Washington radio is filled with all manner of those awful talk shows on which bores and egomaniacs call in to harangue statistics freaks.

On the other hand, if you're so smart, why aren't you rich? Washington has never possessed any real money. Even today it is still a town of department stores, not of boutiques. The taxis pick up additional passengers along the way, like Mexican jitneys. The most important people in town, the role models, if you please, are politicians, who expect freebies for the best seats. The baseball Senators, under the Griffith family, survived on the concessions and what Cubans they could bring in on green cards to pitch and bunt. George Preston Marshall and his Redskins fled from Boston during the Depression, penny-anted through the War with Sammy Baugh, and then kept the franchise afloat by selling its soul to white Dixie TV viewers, refusing to integrate the roster until 1962.

After Calvin Griffith cut and ran with the Senators to Minnesota, the capital had an expansion club for 11 seasons until the absentee owner, Bob Short, started whining about the dearth of TV revenue, and spirited the team to a Texas interchange. "If the Pirates threatened to move out of Pittsburgh, one of the Mellons would say, 'Hey, Pittsburgh needs a team, take it out of petty cash,' " says Shirley Povich, the retired sports columnist of *The Washington Post*. "But here there was no one to buy the club from Short." With the Redskins' Marshall dead, the bulk of Washington's football franchise belongs to Jack Kent Cooke, who lives in Los Angeles. The hockey Capitals have had to promise their fans their "money back if not satisfied" in order to scare up season-ticket buyers, and after the Bullets won the NBA last year, they reportedly added only 675 more season tickets, up from a meager 2,875.

Andy Dolich, director of marketing operations for the Washington Diplomats, the town's soccer team (owned by an absentee conglomerate), says, "This is a one-industry town, but the product is paper. You can't sell season tickets to the government. Sure, there are all the trade-association guys, but they don't have to go to games. They have to go to parties. If there is such a thing as a lunch-pail town, then Washington is an hors d'oeuvres town, and the hors d'oeuvres are always free."

The irony of all this is that, although there is a paucity of great wealth, just about everybody in Washington has walking-around money, incomes averaging fully 25% more than the national figure. The noble bureaucracy is more and more considered to be an American mandarin class, benignly ruling a poorer nation of middle-class unfortunates. The Redskins (or the, more familiar, 'Skins) have the highest average ticket price, $12.65, in team sports. Almost everyone is land-rich, job-guaranteed and pension-assured. There is more inclination to speculate than to root. It is not just a coincidence that the sports pages in Washington are glutted with gambling information. The lordly *Post* ventures into the how-to shallows only on two regular occasions: when it comes to instructing the local body politic in what is fashionable to wear to Redskin games and how to bet on sports with savvy.

If any of the remarks on Washington contained herein appear unduly harsh, it is



When Allen started riding high, 'Skin crowds multiplied

continued

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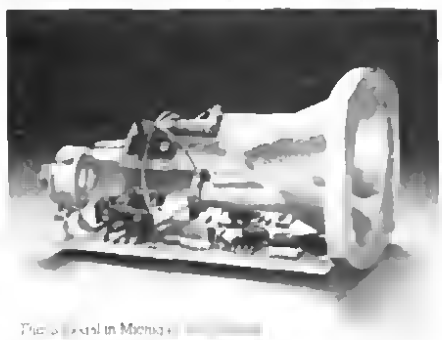
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THE SHARPER IMAGE

possible they arise from the author's own early municipal bigotry. In honoring the Supreme Court's dictum that journalists must fess up to what is in the back of their minds, it is only fair to reveal that I hail from Baltimore and possessed certain childhood prejudices against Our Nation's Capital. This was because both the Senators and Redskins then held Baltimore's territorial rights, which forbade my fair city from achieving major league status.

But it is also the truth that as I grew in grace, through the magic of television I came to gain sympathy for the poor denizens of Washington. I watched the 'Skins stumble about the gridiron every Sunday, and while to this day I can repeat *Hail to the Redskins* as well as I can *Ring-Around-a-Rosy* and *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*, that stirring martial air was hardly enough to make up for the accompanying dreadful pigskin antics. The Senators were, God forbid, even more inept, so frightful that they went under an alias: they were known as the Nationals or, worse, the Nats. One of their sponsors was National Bohemian Beer, and one year they had a song that went, "I'm nuts about the Nats. I'm nuts about the Nats. I'm crazy about the Senators, but I'm nuts about the Nats."

In Baltimore we were privileged to watch the Nats on TV. It was a sorry spectacle. The rest of the country saw Washington as this magnificent city of monuments, museums and the White House. We in Baltimore viewed Our Nation's Capital through the prism of the 'Skins and the Nats.

One time, my favorite time, the Nats got a runner to first and, carried away by this aberration, the manager sent in a fleet pinch runner. His name was Julio Becquer, one of the many Cubans who peopled the Nats' roster. Julio found his way to third, but then, unfortunately, the Nats' brain trust desired to conduct some intricate strategy, and they had to remove the pinch runner for a pinch runner because the original speed merchant could not understand English. To me, that sporting episode best symbolizes Washington: a city of pinch listeners, in for pinch runners.

I asked my father once about Washington. He replied, "It's a strange place, son. You can't stand up to take a drink there." It was true, too. Until very recently, no person on his feet in a public establishment could, even for an instant, hold a glass of spirits in Washington, D.C. (This law, I am advised by Duke Ziebert, a preeminent Washington restaurateur, was instituted "to protect the working girl," although why, I cannot imagine, since working girls in Washington can protect themselves, in the same sense that killer bees can.)

I soon found this out for myself, because in those halcyon days it was legal to drink beer in the capital at the age of 18—or younger, really, if you could produce even the most makeshift counterfeit identification, inasmuch as so much attention was paid to making sure that drinkers were sitting down that little vigilance could be directed at the age of the participants. The legal age of consumption in Maryland was 21, and since there were many rock-'n'-roll joints around 14th Street in Washington, the finest young stock of Baltimore would drive down regularly to patronize these amiable saloons.

Understand, I am not just reminiscing. I bring this up for two good reasons. First, to note, with some pride, that I feel very much at home in Washington, because I was journeying there (and in my formative years, no less) for booze and the fair sex long before the public realized that our elected government was motivated to go there for precisely the same reason. Second, it is my contention that the only people who can properly assess Washington are those from Baltimore. Most of the country holds Washington too much in awe, or is confused by it. New York is merely jealous of it. But we from Baltimore hold the capital in just the right beer-swilling perspective.

People could not comprehend how Spiro Agnew could take the money, take it right there in his office, right next to the White House. *How could he do it in Washington?* Well, you see, he came from Baltimore, and what is Washington to us but just a larger version of Annapolis or Ocean City? The District of Columbia was, as you probably know, carved out of Maryland. Virginia gave up a piece, too, but took hers back in 1846. For a long time, Washington, as a city, lay in the shadow of Baltimore, Maryland's own metropolis, which was much the more populous until the Depression, when Washington grew with wild abandon.

In fact, in the pre-abandon days the families in Washington who were not involved with government—"cave dwellers," they are still called—very much resembled the plain folks up in Baltimore, and native Washingtonians even speak with the nasal drawl that is known as a "Baltimore accent." Hyman Perlo, director of community relations for the Capital Centre, who grew up in Washington before the War, recalls, "Now you can go downtown and feel the power oozing out. But when I was a kid, we knew that the government was here only because we could see the buildings. For most of us, it was just a smaller Baltimore."

All the cave dwellers knew each other. There were only a handful of high schools. There was no night life to speak of and only a couple of passable restaurants. "Until a few years ago, if you weren't at my joint, you were camping out," Duke Ziebert says. Georgetown was a *déclassé* neighborhood. One of the town's great amusements was Sunday "industrial league" baseball, played on the Ellipse in back of the White House. It was all so quaint. For pickup basketball, the favored place was the gym at Huerich Brewery, on the site of what is now Watergate. Monday was fight night, usually at the Uline Arena, which was adjacent to an icehouse. In season, fans would ride the trolleys down Florida Avenue to Griffith Stadium, a tiny little trapezoid of a ball park.

Wet and stifling summers—"bilious fevers are universal," an early visitor warned, and things never improved until the advent of air conditioning—caused Congress and the wealthier whites to take off en masse for the mountains or the shore. Then the place couldn't even resemble Baltimore—in Baltimore people had to keep on working in the summers—but was more like Savannah or Charleston, that is, Dixie rustic. The District's non-voting Congressman, Walter Fauntroy, who grew up right around the corner from Griffith Stadium, recalls spending many summer afternoons perched in a huge elm tree that afforded him a view of the

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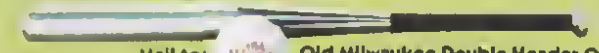
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baseball game over the stadium's high rightfield wall. "The chief official personages who people the scene are villagers, with a villager's attitude and a villager's background," a foreign observer sniffed in 1932, just before Franklin Roosevelt came to office.

"F.D.R. changed everything here, he made Washington," Clayton Fritchey says. "Before him, we all admired U.S. Presidents simply because they got to meet New York bankers." When John Adams arrived to set up presidential shop in Washington on June 3, 1800, there were 131 federal employees. In the next 133 years, the total number working in the Washington area grew to 65,400, but in F.D.R.'s first seven it more than doubled. Now there are 360,000, and because every business, association, charity and fraud must have a nagging voice in the capital, tens of thousands of others are trying to harvest the federal soil that the 360,000 till. Washington is now the eighth-largest metropolitan area in the nation and, given its disposable affluence, it should be a sporting paradise.

However, only the Redskins draw crowds commensurate with the size of the city, and there's a hitch: a mere 15,000 season-ticket holders control nearly all the seats at RFK Stadium. Thus, VIPs can't always freeload in, and many spectators bring binoculars, not so much for the game, but—as Kremlinologists study the review stand at the May Day parade—to discover which lucky government functionaries Edward Bennett Williams has deigned to invite to his presidential box.



In 1961, a lunatic fringe adjured the Redskins to remain whiteskins

In an hors d'oeuvres town, appearance often counts more than the standings. Don't forget that in Washington many of the most attractive people are election losers who hung on, stayed visible and, often as not, accumulated more money and style than they ever did as winners. One of the acknowledged reasons why the Redskins gained such acceptance is that George Preston Marshall made it a priority to get local jobs for his players and encouraged them to mix and mingle. Duke Ziebert, whose restaurant is *the* sports hangout downtown, maintains that the Bullets' lack of popularity stems from their failure to do this. "You never see the Bullets hanging around," Duke says. "It's not a race thing. The 'Skins—black or white—are always part of the community, always in all the joints."

The Redskins also get almost all the endorsements. Says Charlie Brotman, a District native and sports public-relations executive, "When the Senators were here and the Redskins were hums, not even Frank Howard could take endorsements away from the football players. Pro football has a special place here. I don't even consider the Redskins a sport."

Marshall created this illusion. A shrewd promoter, creator of the season-ticket concept, he sized up his audience and went heavy on the pageantry. (It is revealing that those who speak fondly of the departed Senators invariably start off by saying what a glorious spectacle were the Presidential Opening Days.) For the 'Skins, Marshall created the first marching band in pro sports and commissioned the fight song, which is a dandy. After victories, George Allen used to go over to Ziebert's and lead choruses of it *a cappella*. Marshall was also way ahead of his time in attracting women to the Sunday show.

Not that love for the team was eternal. In 1946 Marshall sold 31,000 season tickets; by 1952 the figure was down to 13,000, and mass Sunday euphoria did not become evident until 1971, when the inscrutable George Allen came onto the premises.

For a long time the team's special problem was Marshall's racial myopia. To him, it was said, NAACP meant Never at Anytime Any Colored Players. His prejudice must be considered in the light of time and place. Washington has always had a Southern exposure (it even had slave markets), and as late as 1925 the Ku Klux Klan marched downtown without upsetting local white sensibilities. Segregation remained the way of life until well after World War II, and uneasiness about race was a main reason why Calvin Griffith took the original Senators to Minnesota in 1961. As soon as a black neighborhood was picked as the site for the new municipal stadium, Griffith started packing.

The District itself is about three-quarters black, although more whites are moving back, house-speculating,

continued

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continued

hut the whole area has about an average metropolitan racial mix and average attitudes on racial matters. Says Jean Fugett, the Redskins' tight end, who works as a metropolitan reporter for the *Post* off-season, "You can conjure up all sorts of excuses, but when people like Larry Brown and Charley Taylor didn't get good endorsements here, you can only rationally conclude what is obvious, that this is still a Southern town in many more respects than it likes to admit."

The failure of the champion Bullets—who are predominantly black—to capture Washington's hearts is also widely presumed to be on account of race. A *Post* survey disclosed that basketball was the second-most-popular sport in town—15.6% to football's 44.7%—but one gets the feeling that the hoops are on their way to becoming a cult sport, rather like their winter colleague, hockey. The hockey Capitals draw from a small pool of well-educated suburban fanatics, and basketball in Washington seems to be reducing itself to the same sort of monomania—180 degrees away from the mass appeal that has been the salvation of the Redskins. The basketball fans are dilettantes, specialists. Last March, 19,035 banged out the Capital Centre—where both the Bullets and Caps play—to watch a high school all-star basketball game. It wasn't like a game; it was more like an experiment in a laboratory. The spectators were cold-hearted basketball mavens, and they booed the poor adolescents who didn't live up to their press notices and dared to take a bad shot now and again.

They also booed Lefty Driesell, the University of Maryland basketball coach, merely for showing his face. With his extraordinary aptitude for recruiting, Driesell has raised the neighboring Terrapins to an exalted position in town, perhaps second in interest only to the chic 'Skins, but too long has Lefty promised and failed, and now the wrath of high expectations defeated is falling down upon him. Too, the capital has never been especially keen on college sports; the big bowls, for example, want nothing to do with the Maryland football team because they know that area fans will not travel to support it.

And much of Maryland's basketball popularity is attributable not so much to the Terps themselves as to the corporate mystique of the Atlantic Coast Conference. ACC games flood Washington television, to the detriment of the Bullets and the NBA. It seems that every Southerner in the government has a rooting interest in one of the ACC teams, and, next to the Boston Red Sox, the North Carolina Tar Heels are probably the most popular out-of-town team in the capital. The Red Sox are a special favorite because such an inordinate number of federal types either come from Harvard or seek to give that impression—and how better to do it than boast Bosox allegiance? (Perhaps it is not fair to point out that there are no two more accomplished also-rans in all the land than the Sox and the 'Heels; mightn't we have been better off at SALT talks with a government full of Yankee baseball and Alabama football rooters?)

But never mind: to the dismay of all other athletic enterprises, nobody gets the attention the 'Skins do. In 1972, the year the team reached the Super Bowl, the *Post* dispatched a staff of 13 to cover the event—twice as many as covered the first moonwalk and 11 more than it took to topple a President. Both the *Post* and its rival daily, the *Star*, have excellent sports sections, but they go berserk as soon as the 'Skins suit up. Radio and TV are worse; they ignore every other sports experience, except possibly the exactas at Laurel.

This is not to suggest that the press goes easy on the 'Skins. The battles with Allen—"Richard Nixon with a whistle," he was called—were regular and rancorous. No, it is just the sheer mass and scope of the coverage, made all the more significant by the fact that Washington has such a media mania. People *follow* the papers there, much as normal fans follow teams. The way the sports press in Washington covers its beats exactly parallels the way the national press covers the government.

The Redskins are the presidency: you can tell right away because both get heavy coverage, day in, day out, whether or not anything is happening to them. CARTER RELAXES AT CAMP DAVID. 'SKINS SCAN WAIVER LIST. For years the season was treated as a campaign, with the two contending quarterbacks the candidates. Even now, the first pre-training-camp stories—identical to pre-New Hamp-

continued

shire primary stories—are appearing

Says Nixon, a most knowledgeable student of Washington sports, "You must remember that there is a close relationship between all sports and politics, but especially in Washington and especially with a combat sport like football. Why, you can take the lingo out of football and apply it directly to any political campaign. The key words are all the same: clash, strategy, momentum, taking the offensive."

To gain popular success in the nation's capital, a team needs a strong (and preferably controversial) presidential-type leader, who can be an easy receptacle for credit or blame: the Griffiths, Preston Marshall, Senator expansion managers Gil Hodges and Ted Williams, Driesell, Allen. The Bullets have overlooked this priority and have, instead, foolishly concentrated on building a winner. There is just no identifiable presidential figure on hand. Abe Pollin, the Bullets' bashful owner, is as decent and honorable as any man in sports, so that lets him out. Dick Motta, the coach, although eminently quotable, has the unfortunate habit, for these precincts, of being too blunt, never the dissembler. He is proud of his squad and calls it "an unpretentious, workingman's team." Unfortunately, a bunch of low-recognition-factor mechanics is the last thing white-collar Washington wants on its teams.

As the Redskins are the presidency, the Bullets are the Senate—but, sadly for them, they are the workaday Senate of whips and subcommittees, the Senate that bores political fans and never makes the six o'clock news. The Senate that attracts interest, the sexy one, is the Senate of strong personalities—Kennedy, Humphrey, Taft. For the Bullets to catch on in the regular season, they need a celebrity figure.

The Capitals are the House of Representatives. Except to the most dedicated scholars, both the hockey team and the House are a faceless rabble of outbackers who never attract any attention until an external agency forces them into the public eye against their will—a controversial tax vote, the Canadiens coming to the Capital Centre.

There are several tennis tournaments in Washington, and they are like the Supreme Court. Tennis is out of sight, hidden behind the presidency/Redskins for much of the year, popping up at intervals with decisions/tournaments. Moreover, because tennis is the In game in government, it has a disproportionate popularity, just as the preponderance of lawyers in town creates a disproportionate and abiding interest in the Court.

The soccer team, the Diplomats, who are—word of honor—known as the Dips, are equivalent to the Vice-President, whoever that is.

College sports are covered far down the list, like the Maryland state legislature. High-flying Maryland politicians are periodically sent to the hoosegow; the Terrapins lose to Penn State every fall and Carolina every winter, just when they start cracking the polls. It's very neat.

The trouble is, this doesn't leave any place for baseball. And that is precisely why baseball has never been able to carve out a place for itself in the capital. Baseball is too much like the government itself, an everyday exercise replete with numbers and a hierarchy. It is true that there were seldom any compelling reasons for the Senators to become a big draw in Washington. So traditionally low were home-team expectations that one season the slogan was "Off the Floor in '64!"—a paean to next-to-last place—but surely it would be healthy for all of America if the measured game of summer came back to Washington and touched the frenetic government.

Unfortunately, Washington has no history of deserving a baseball team, and no person capable of buying one, either, unless possibly the next Arab can be introduced to Charlie Finley. Also, for all its size, Washington is limited as a drawing area and as a TV market by Baltimore's presence to its proximate north.

The matter could be solved by having Baltimore—itself no great shakes at supporting a team—share the Orioles with Washington. The two disparate cities draw closer all the time. Twelve percent of Oriole attendance comes from Washington, and a like percentage of Baltimoreans attend Capital Centre events. Moreover, Washingtonians are starting to speculate in Baltimore real estate and, for the especially venturesome, Baltimore has become sort of a live theme park, an Urbanland you can visit for a day and in which you can munch crab cakes, see a real harbor (as opposed to a marina), perhaps even encounter a union man or a housewife or two. Most significantly, the business leaders of the two cities have formed a revolutionary "Common Market," presenting themselves as a single entity to the commercial world.

So, sharing a team would be no big deal, and plans should be made soon enough—if a state-assisted Baltimore consortium can gain control of the Orioles. The scheme would then be to split the schedule, playing half the games at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, half at Washington's RFK, eventually moving the whole schedule to a Maryland state-built "Meadowlands-type stadium/racetrack complex" in Laurel, about halfway between the two downtowns, in the center of a population draw of five million. This would make it the fourth-largest TV and market area in the country, the largest with only one professional team. As numbing as Washington can be as a sports town, it would have a hard time lousing up this arrangement.

Naming the baseball team should not be particularly difficult, either. Leave us not forget the Nats. Maybe the Chesapeake Nationals? Or, better, the National Chesapeakes—the vaunted Chessies. Or, perhaps best of all, the National Pastimes. Has a certain ring to it, doesn't it? CHIEF EXECUTIVE TO THROW OUT FIRST BALL AT 'TIMES LIDLIFTER. 'TIMES SCAN WAIVER LIST.

After all, it is only correct that the national pastime have a place in Our Nation's Capital. Right now, it sometimes seems that only the Redskins provide sporting ballast to a place that Henry James called "indefinably ridiculous and yet eminently agreeable."

The best sports towns are not representative of the entire country, as Washington is. Those other cities tend to be strained, edgy, proprietary. They need to win on the field. That's why they are good sports towns. Their teams are a cutting edge against the outside world, not an identity for strangers to cuddle up with. So:

1) If the rest of the country were like Washington, we wouldn't need Washington. And,

2) If the rest of the country were like Washington, we wouldn't need leagues, either. END

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BMW 733i	12	22 5	270	Toyota Cressida	18	17 2	310
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 18-24

Compiled by STEVE WULF

BOWLING—MARK ROTH won his fourth tournament of the year, the $70,000 Rose City Open in Portland, Ore., by beating Dennis Lane 257–195 in the final.

BOXING—Unbeaten LARRY HOLMES retained his WBC heavyweight championship with a 12th round knockout of Mike Weaver at Madison Square Garden. On the same card former lightweight champion ROBERTO DURAN scored a unanimous decision over Carlos Palomino to earn a shot at WBA welterweight champ Pipino Cuevas *(page 20)*.

GERRIE COETZEE knocked down former heavyweight champ Leon Spinks three times in the first round to win their fight in Monte Carlo *(page 23)*.

GOLF—LEE TREVINO shot a final-round 71 for a three-under par 281 to win the $350,000 Canadian Open in Oakville, Ontario by three strokes over Ben Crenshaw. Tom Watson, who finished third, earned $23,800 to bring his 1979 winnings to a record $377,674.

NANCY LOPEZ fired a 72 for a four-under-par 212 and a two-stroke victory over Kathy Whitworth and Sally Little in the $100,000 Lady Keystone Open in Hershey, Pa. The win, on her home course, was Lopez' sixth in 11 tournaments this year.

HARNESS RACING—HAPPY MOTORING ($22.20), driven by Bill Popfinger, beat Hot Hitter by a nose to win the $134,568 final heat of the Cane Pace, the first leg of pacing's Triple Crown, at Yonkers Raceway. Favored Sonsam finished third and then was disqualified. The winning time was 1:57⅗ *(page 62)*.

HORSE RACING—AFFIRMED ($2.60), ridden by Laffit Pincay, won the $500,000 Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park by three-quarters of a length over Sirlad to become the first thoroughbred to win $2 million. His time for the 1¼ miles was 1:58⅘ *(page 53)*.

MOTOR SPORTS—A. J. FOYT, averaging 134.995 mph in a Parnelli-Cosworth, won the $375,000 Music 500 at Pocono Raceway by more than two laps over Jim McElreath in an Eagle-Offenhauser.

SOCCER—NASL. Fort Lauderdale's two international stars, Gerd Mueller and George Best, were overtime heroes in the Strikers' two victories. Mueller scored in the second overtime to beat Tampa Bay 2–1. For the Rowdies it was their first loss at home in 10 games, and it came before 41,000 fans. Earlier in the week, Best scored on a controversial goal—he touched the ball with his hand—19 seconds into [illegible] to defeat Tulsa [illegible]. The Rowdies, leaders in the American Conference East, recovered to beat Houston 4–0 as Oscar Fabbiani had three goals and an assist. The Hurricane, atop the American Central, bounced back to beat Atlanta 2–1. Vancouver took over first place in the National West from two-time loser Los Angeles with a 2–1 win over California. National Central leader Minnesota handed the Cosmos their second straight loss, 3–2, and then defeated Dallas 2–0. Ricky Davis' first NASL goal gave the National East-leading Cosmos a 1–0 victory over New England. San Diego clung to first place in the American West, despite losing 3–2 to Detroit.

ASL. During a week in which only four league games were played, Columbus took sole possession of first place in the Eastern Division with a 3–1 victory over Indianapolis. Despite the win, Columbus dismissed Alaina Jones Fearnley, the only female general manager in major league sport. Cleveland dismissed Coach Jim Melka, replacing him with its former coach, Herb Haller. Pennsylvania won twice, 4–3 over the New York Eagles on Christian Nwokocha's hat trick and 1–0 over Cleveland. In the ASL All-Star game, played in Hempstead, N.Y., the East and West tied 0–0.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT LLOYD saved three match points to defeat Martina Navratilova 7–5, 5–7, 13–11 in the final of the $100,000 Eastbourne (England) grass-court tournament.

VIC AMAYA beat Mark Edmondson 6–4, 7–5 to win the $50,000 Debenhams grass-court championships in Surbiton, England.

VOLLEYBALL—IVA. Defending champion Santa Barbara won its seventh and eighth games in a row to move three games ahead of Seattle in the Western Division. The Spikers beat Continental Division-leading Denver in three straight games as Roseanne Wegrich, the IVA's most valuable female player last year, scored four service aces in the match. Three nights later Santa Barbara handed Seattle its fourth loss in a row, Albuquerque, which lost 14 of its first 15 games, won twice on the road, in Seattle and Tucson.

MILEPOSTS—ARRESTED. For possession of cocaine, Jockey RON FRANKLIN, 19, at Disneyland in Anaheim, Calif. Franklin, the rider of 1979 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner Spectacular Bid, was released on $1,500 bail. Five days later, it was announced that Franklin would be replaced by Willie Shoemaker as Bid's regular rider.

HIRED. As coach of the ASL New Jersey Americans, EDDIE FIRMANI, 45, who was fired two weeks earlier as coach of the NASL champion Cosmos. Firmani signed a three-year contract for a reported $100,000 a year.

By the Buffalo Sabres, ROGER NEILSON, 45, as one of three coaches for the 1979-80 season. Neilson will share the duties with newly appointed General Manager Scotty Bowman and another associate coach, as yet unnamed, and then become the sole coach for the 1980-81 season. Neilson had a 75-62-23 record during the last two seasons, during which he coached the Toronto Maple Leafs.

As coach of the Utah Jazz, TOM NISSALKE, 44, who directed the Houston Rockets to a 124-122 record over the last three seasons. In 1975 Nissalke coached in Salt Lake City for the now defunct ABA Utah Stars.

PLEADED GUILTY. In U.S. District Court in Boston, ROBERT OWEN, 40, to charges of sports bribery in connection with a horse-race-fixing scheme organized by Anthony Ciulla (SI, Nov. 6, 1978). Owen is the seventh defendant in the case to plead guilty.

REHIRED. As manager of the New York Yankees, BILLY MARTIN, 51, to replace BOB LEMON, 58, who was fired as the Yankees fell 8½ games behind Baltimore in the AL East *(page 14)*.

DIED. TPOY ARCHER, 24, defensive tackle for the New York Giants, of injuries received in a truck accident in North Bergen, N.J. The Giants' first draft choice in 1976, Archer was considered one of the best young defensive linemen in football.

HAL TROSKY, 66, a first baseman with the Cleveland Indians (1933-41) and Chicago White Sox (1944-46), of a heart ailment, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. In 1936 Trosky, who had a career batting average of .302, hit 343 with 42 home runs and a league leading 162 RBIs. One of his sons, Hal Trosky Jr., played briefly as a pitcher with the White Sox.

CREDITS

4—Evelyn Floret. **14, 19**—Manny Millan. **10, 17**—Barton Silverman (2). Manny Millan (right). **18, 19**—Richard Mackson. **20**—Manny Millan (top). James Drake. **21, 22**—Manny Millan. **23**—Tony Triolo. **24**—Graham Hughes (top). Tony Triolo. **32**—Carl Iwasaki. **48**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **53**—Richard Mackson. **67**—Paramount Pictures. **58**—Hal Stoelzle. **62**—Lane Stewart. **66, 67**—Richard Meek. **68-70**—Lane Stewart. **72**—Walter Iooss Jr. **77**—Neil Leifer. **85**—News & Publications Service, Stanford University, Jacksonville Journal, Andy Hamm, Sara Krulwich-The N.Y. Times, Jim Stevens.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KATHY JORDAN
KING OF PRUSSIA, PA.

Jordan, a sophomore at Stanford, defeated Wendy White of Rollins 6–4, 7–5 to win the singles title in the AIAW tennis championships in Iowa City. Jordan, a two-time All-America, also won the doubles title with Alycia Moulton.



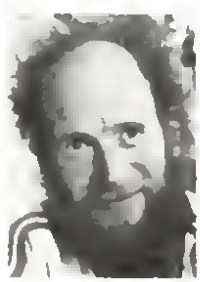
STORM DAVIS
JACKSONVILLE

Storm, 17, led University Christian High to its second straight Class A state baseball title. He had a record of 14–1 and 172 strikeouts in 87 innings. A draft choice of the Orioles, Storm was 42–3 in three years with 496 strikeouts in 278 innings.



JOHN HUMM
BALDWIN, N.Y.

Humm, 60, beat Ken Mottiace, 19, in sudden death to become the oldest golfer—by 10 years—to win the Long Island Amateur, at Sands Point. Humm entered on a lark because he had lost in the finals, on the same course in 1939.



DON RITCHIE
ELGIN, SCOTLAND

Ritchie, a 34-year-old physics teacher, set a world record for the 100-mile run in the Ted Corbett Cup in New York City. His time of 11:51.11 surpassed by 21.17 the mark set by Wally Hayward of South Africa in 1958.



DAVITT CUNNINGHAM
ALAMO, CALIF.

Cunningham, 18, led San Ramon Valley High to the North Coast sectional title with victories in the 200-yard freestyle and 100 butterfly, to remain unbeaten in four years of varsity swimming. He has twice been a scholastic water polo All-America.



KATHY DEVINE
SAN DIEGO

Devine, a University of Texas junior, became the first woman to win three consecutive shotput titles at the AIAW track and field championships. Devine's toss of 52' 10" at East Lansing, Mich. was a foot better than that of the second-place finisher.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

RARE BIRDS

Sir

Bravo for recognizing those "no-name" Birds from Baltimore (*Smile for the Birdies*, June 18). We're tremendously proud of our Orioles and the best manager in baseball, Earl Weaver. Douglas S. Looney captured it all when he said this team plays together. These guys may be no-names to the rest of the country, but not to those of us who are rooting for them here in Maryland. Come October, I hope everyone will know the Orioles by name.

TIM DUFF
Baltimore

Sir

It's remarkable that Earl Weaver has such an outstanding record—a .596 won-lost percentage in 10½ years as Baltimore manager—when he never played a game in the major leagues. It is also interesting to note that Baltimore has three coaches who never played in the majors, namely, Third-Base Coach Cal Ripken, Batting Coach Jim Frey and Pitching Coach Ray Miller.

STAN WILSON
Baltimore

Sir

I enjoyed your cover story on the Orioles but you said that except for Jim Palmer and Mark Belanger there isn't another Baltimore player whose name is worth dropping. Eddie Murray and Al Bumbry have each been named Rookie of the Year, and Murray and Mike Flanagan were selected to the 1978 American League All-Star team. Ken Singleton played in the 1977 All-Star Game. I'm a native of Baltimore who moved to Missouri last July. Aside from missing relatives and friends, there are only two things I long for: hot, steamed Maryland crabs and the great Baltimore Orioles.

JEFF ADAMS
Lake St. Louis, Mo.

Sir

What's the name of the beautiful girl pictured modeling an Orioles halter top on the roof of the dugout?

LLOYD LARABY
Baltimore

• Barbara Van Cutsem, and she's one of five Oriole Baseballes.—ED.

Sir

Correction. Earl Weaver was baseball's shrewdest manager, and Baltimore was a power in its division. Billy Martin is back and the Yanks can't be far behind!

WARREN ROSENBERG
New York City

PICKING THE ALL-STARS

Sir

I couldn't agree more with your SCORECARD item (June 18) on the inequities of baseball's All-Star voting by the fans. But, as a fan, I get a kick out of filling out a ballot when I attend a game, so I suggest a compromise. Why not allow the fans to continue voting under the present system but also have



the players ballot? Should there be differences in the outcomes of the two votes, the leaders in the player voting would start the game, although the fans' selections would automatically make the squad

By this method, fan participation would be maintained and fan interest enhanced by the challenge of trying to predict the players' selections What do you say, Bowie?

JAMES G. DIETTE, D D S
Norwalk, Conn

ROCKY'S REBIRTH

Sir,

I play softball three nights a week and was planning on calling it quits next season at the age of 38. But after reading and thoroughly enjoying *The Secret Life of Rocky Perone* (June 18), I now plan on playing until I'm 50. I feel great and can still keep up with the younger players on the team. Besides, I'm also the manager, which makes it much easier to keep myself in the starting lineup. Too bad Richard Pohle, a.k.a. Rocky Perone, wasn't a manager as well

JERRY BERNA
Waukesha, Wis

Sir:

I remember Dick Pohle from a baseball school we both attended in Cocoa, Fla. in 1957. He impressed me then with his tremendous desire and love for the game. It would be nice if a greater number of the more gifted athletes in the big leagues had some of that burning desire God bless Dick Pohle He's beautiful!

ED MCCLOSKEY
Pittsburgh

Sir,

I was said to be over the hill at 27 I was signed by the Houston Astros when I was 19 years old and played in the minors for four years before being released. Three years and a knee operation later I had a tryout in Florida with the Minnesota Twins After pitching three perfect innings in an intrasquad game, I was spotted by one of my old coaches from Houston. He said, "What are you trying to do, old man?" I had led the Twins to believe I was 24, not 27. The next day I was kicked out of camp.

So wherever you are, Rocky Perone, all of us who are "over the hill" wish you all the luck in the world. I wish I were in your spikes!

DANIEL T. LEBRIGHT
Milford, Del

Sir:

Come on! How could Richard Pohle fool then San Diego Padres Scout Jim Marshall or anyone else with that ridiculous rug?

MIKE MCCULLOH
Cornwell Heights, Pa

Sir

Rocky Perone, George Plimpton, ad nauseam. You keep on printing stories about hasbeens trying to come back or about those who never were and don't realize they never will be, or about old men whose egos won't accept the natural process of aging Every time the story is the same, only the names are changed. It's boring. James Thurber said it all in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* Please find some new stories.

HERBERT W WONG
Eugene, Ore

OTHER SHORTCUTS

Sir:

When Lon Hinkle took his famous shortcut, driving down the adjacent 17th fairway while playing the 8th hole at the 1979 U.S Open at Inverness (*Up a Tree in Toledo*, June 25), no one mentioned that Walter Hagen used a similar ploy during the third round of the 1921 PGA Championship at Inwood Country Club on Long Island. Hagen drove down the parallel 18th fairway to get a better, though longer, second shot at the 11th green Late that night club pro Jack Mackie,

continued



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the club president and a number of their cohorts planted a large weeping willow between the fairways, blocking the route for subsequent rounds.

Nor did anyone mention that Ed Furgol, who won the 1954 U.S. Open at Baltusrol, saved a crucial par on the 18th hole of the final round by hitting his second shot to the 18th fairway of the upper course after being stymied by trees on the left of the 18th fairway of the lower course, on which the tournament was being played. Furgol was completely within his rights—as were Hinkle and Hagen—because the upper course had not been declared out of bounds.

HAROLD A. SEGALL
New York City

• In *The Walter Hagen Story* (as told to Margaret Seaton Heck), Hagen relates his encounter with the willow on the fourth round of the '21 PGA this way: "I thought the gallery seemed unusually excited and noisy. I knew something was happening but I couldn't figure just what. I teed up my ball, looked up and saw that willow tree confronting me. The gallery really laughed now at the surprised look on my face. . . 'I never saw such fast-growing trees in my life,' I remarked. . . .The laughter grew into a roar, but not at my remark. Instead a sudden fierce gust of wind had whipped loose the guy wires holding the tree on the edge of the lagoon . . . and the willow was out of business. 'Well, I timed this about right,' I told them. 'Now if I can time my tee shot as well I can be down in my regular spot on the eighteenth fairway.' Some fellow in the gallery said, 'You can't beat him!' And no one did that day." Indeed, Hagen won the championship, the first of his five PGA titles. And to this day a willow, known sometimes as Mackie's Tree but mostly as Hagen's Willow, stands on that spot at Inwood Country Club.—ED

SALMON RANCHING

Sir:

It was with great interest that I read Robert F. Jones' article *Clamor Along the Klamath* (June 4). He deserves credit for his thoroughness in researching and reporting the local battle over a disappearing natural resource—salmon.

To help boost California's salmon population, I have introduced legislation in the State Assembly that will allow private industry, under state supervision, to undertake salmon-ranching operations along the coast. A salmon ranch enhances native stock by propagating and releasing fish into coastal bays and estuaries. The fish are recaptured when they instinctively return to the point of release after maturing in the ocean. My bill (AB 1458) provides that while the adult fish are at sea, they are to be public property and could be caught by any state-licensed fisherman—commercial or sports. The salmon rancher would market his catch of returning fish, with selected salmon held out for further propagation.

Certainly, natural salmon runs should be protected from overfishing, pollution, hydroelectric dam interference and other controllable factors. But restorative action alone won't get to the heart of the problem, which is meeting a growing demand for affordable protein-rich food. Salmon ranching offers to do this.

PATT BANNAI
Member
California State Assembly
Sacramento

TOUGH SKEDDING

Sir:

Go ahead and give Joe Paterno a medal for Penn State's 1981 football schedule (SCORECARD, June 11), but pin one on Warren Powers of Missouri, too. Mizzou's typically tough 1978 schedule included Nebraska, Notre Dame and Alabama (Penn State's 1981 opponents), with Oklahoma thrown in for good measure. By the way, Penn State's 1981 schedule also finds the Nittany Lions playing Missouri. Tough schedule, Joe.

MARY HEMMINGER
Columbia, Mo.

Sir:

Because Alabama has an easy football schedule this year, do you suppose the wire services will keep the Tide out of the No. 1 spot, as they did Penn State all those years because of the Lions' weak schedule?

P. L. SAGAMANG
Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

Your SCORECARD piece was little more than biased rubbish. You state that Alabama has "adroitly avoided" Southern Cal and Nebraska—against which Alabama is 2–2 and 3–2, respectively, in recent years—as if the athletic directors of these schools had begged Bear Bryant for games in 1979 but had been stubbornly refused. Why not state that Southern Cal and Nebraska have adroitly avoided Alabama? You later add that Alabama "doesn't even meet Georgia," while omitting the fact that the Crimson Tide does play, among other SEC schools, Auburn, Tennessee and LSU, all of which should be better than Georgia this fall.

You conclude by looking a mere three years into the future to sing the praises of Joe Paterno for his tough 1981 schedule, completely overlooking the fact that Alabama played Nebraska, Southern Cal, Missouri and Washington last year, in addition to a tough SEC schedule. It didn't earn Bear Bryant a medal of honor, but it did win him the national championship.

MICHAEL A. ROBINSON
Savoy, Ill.

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